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LITERATURE.

ON THE ROMANTIC IN HISTORY.

It requires little exercise of metaphysical skill to discover the cause which makes the love of romance a principle, more or less strong, in the intellectual constitution of every human being. The romance of history, or of human life, is made up of the changes wrought on individual fortunes by events that outstripped men's hopes or calculations, or by the energy of their passions being rendered more powerful than ordinary. One or the other of these it is which sometimes gives the muse of history the deeper voice of her more inspired sisters, and which, still leaving us in the proper province of the exercise of our human feelings and predilections, raises our sympathies to a state of supernatural excitement. It is not as some isolated passages, therefore, in the great book of existence, we must read what is commonly called romance, whether real or fictitious, but as the record of human life, rendered more interesting and more worthy of attention for its clearer manifestation of the causes which render men happy or miserable, or its display of their feelings under the lighter pressure of extraordinary occurrences. True romance requires the aid of no superhuman agent to aid its details; and, in applying the terms of romantic interest, either to an event or a composition, we do but acknowledge it to have had a greater power over our sympathies than those with which we generally meet. It is not the simple strangeness of the occurrence which entitles it to this consideration, but the influence it has in awakening the deepest and most powerful feelings of our nature. Our pity for our love, our hatred or fear, must be strongly excited, or the most novel and unexpected event that ever happened would be in no ways romantic. The emotions of this description be awakened, and let them result from the representation of events that are sufficiently unusual to unite hope, fear, or love with curiosity, and the romance is complete.

Such being the requisites of romance, whether presented to us in the actual events of life, or in the pages of a poet, (it requiring, on the one hand, the strangeness which engages curiosity, and, on the other, more especially, the appeal to our passions which may awake our hearts and affections,) it is not difficult to understand how far history may be considered as fraught with romantic interest. Regarded in the form of a connected and lengthened narrative, it is obviously of too general a character to answer our ideas of romance. The objects it presents are too multitudinous, and their career too briefly told, to give either passion or curiosity time for its growth. The human cosmorama passes from our gaze, and leaves us with the feelings of unwarmed spectators. We see mankind rather than men, and been unable to imagine ourselves connected with the scene, till we begin the calculations of self-interest, and, with that, lose all higher sensations.

But, although history, in its general character, makes little or no appeal to the feelings which are excited by romance, it has, when considered more narrowly in its details, many passages of deep and most stirring interest. The characters which figure in its pages, and which we have had little sympathy with, while actors on the political

arena, are sometimes seen in the closer relations of life, and struggling with the common destinies of humanity, fearing, loving, and desiring objects which they only thus regard from the natural impulses of their hearts. We look at them, when thus seen amid the promiscuous crowd, with awakened curiosity and interest. They are the witnesses which prove the legitimacy of our relationship with the generations that have passed away. They speak, from the abysses of time, of the deep, and the pure, and the sorrowful emotions that are attached to existence, under every external circumstance; and, having the busy report of worldly events ringing in our ears, as we leave the high-road of history to follow their private fortunes, the truth of their adventures becomes more easily impressed upon our minds, and affords a surer foundation for our imagination. Whatever glimpses, therefore, history affords of the merely personal or domestic circumstances and fortunes of the characters she introduces, are important aids to romance, and serve to form materials from which the skilful writer composes his most fascinating works.

The style of history is romantic in a great variety of degrees; it is not, however, in its records of the most distant, or of the darkest periods, that it assumes this character. The æra preceding the full glory of Greece and Rome, as well as the earlier part of the middle ages, are less likely to awaken romantic interest, than others of later date, and more enlightened. Romance is distinct from fable, and every intermixture of the fabulous with a romantic narrative lessens its power upon our feelings. The fable demands the resignation of our judgment, with regard to its probability; and we grant it, and are conscious of the resignation. But the union of curiosity and strong emotion which belongs to romantic feeling, is never produced, unless we are convinced that the objects presented are under the power of circumstances that apply to human natures and conditions. Again; the characters or events in history which are to be deemed of a romantic nature, must be sufficiently well defined and clear, or our hearts will be uninterested, and the romance will be in our own imaginations, rather than in the glowing pages of the narrative. It is for these reasons, in different proportions, that the periods we have alluded to, are less properly romantic in their character than we should at first sight suppose. They are too dimly seen by the light of tradition, to awaken our sympathies, and are too glaringly visible, under the light of fable, to interest the imagination. The times, the records of which are really most redolent of romance, are those of which the principal historical characters are known to us by strong individual traits, and of which the manners and state of society were sufficiently marked to render the description of them bold and picturesque. In the history of times like these, the remoteness of the age does not efface the features by which we recognise individuals, and we become deeply interested in their personal fortunes. The memorials which remain of their deeds or their sufferings call forth the strongest feelings of the heart; and the broad lights and shadows with which the scenes of their adventures are coloured, give sufficient scope to the exercise of the imagination. But, in viewing history in this light, and examining how far it ministers food to our appetite for romance,

we must separate the obvious inventions of poetry and fiction from accredited traditions. It is not to the bard or the romancer that history owes all its romantic interest. In its records of human life, it has unfolded many a tale that has not been bettered by the additions of fiction; and we shall be mistaken in our view of the subject, if we suffer ourselves to attribute the greater part of its powerfully romantic passages to her hand. The noblest deeds which fancy ascribes to her heroes have been performed by real personages; and the fairest beings with which she peoples her paradise have had their prototypes in the world. The history of every country has records of the acts of the one, of the love and beauty of the other; and the pages which are thus devoted to memorialise their fortunes, have in themselves the true elements of romance.

There are, however, two ways in which history has a romantic character. The one, when it presents objects which have in themselves certain features that awaken in us a deep and lively interest; the other, when the very period of which it treats tinges and embues its pages with the spirit and pathos of romance. The observations we have already made apply to it in the former point of view; in the latter, many considerations arise in the mind of the inquirer which belong to the philosophy of human nature itself. The passions of mankind are differently developed in different eras. The power and energy of the mind is not always answerable to the wealth or poverty of its possessions; and, when its strength or activity is superior to its knowledge and experience, it seems but to give a fiercer glow and a wilder vigour to every passion that can agitate the heart. It is when this is the case, when men are led to the desperate pursuit of whatever they love or desire, by the light of strong but untrained intellect, that the boldest deeds are done, the wildest enterprises undertaken, and the strongest occurrences brought to light. Men's natures are wrought upon by all the contending passions of love, hatred, hope, and sorrow; their boundaries are not discerned, their lawful objects not discriminated, and the moral harmony of their proper subjection to each other not comprehended. They are thus let free by turns to ravage and beautify the world; and, during their career, the stream of human existence is a torrent, sometimes dried in its bed by the summer's sun, and at others, overflowing its banks, lashed into foam by the tempest. It is in periods of this kind, that history, without departing from truth, has a highly romantic character; and that it not only presents various particular objects of this sort, but that its whole narrative is animated and coloured by the spirit of romance.

Many and various are the circumstances which contribute to give a people, and the age in which they live, a romantic character. Among these, may be reckoned, especially, an unsettled state of civil government, which, by rendering the most precious of men's possessions precarious, gives a sort of holiness to the heroism which defends them. Another, is the natural condition of the country which, while wild and picturesque, affords opportunities for adventure, that communicate the fervour of romance to both the language and feelings of the people; and above all, the religious sentiments which prevail, often give birth to a spirit which, failing to be that of holiness, is truly that of romance.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LIFE OF WYCLIFFE.

The Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe, D. D., illustrated principally from his Unpublished Manuscripts; with a Preliminary View of the Papal System, and of the State of the Protestant Doctrine in Europe, to the Commencement of the Fourteenth Century. By Robert Vaughan. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 896. B. J. Holdsworth. London, 1828.

WYCLIFFE is one of those extraordinary men whose character commands our veneration, independently of the good their virtue or energy has effected. Bold, and of a free and comprehensive intellect, he was capable both of loving, and of declaring his love of truth, when she had scarcely a single disciple besides himself. He learnt to value and expound the true principles of religion, when, it is universally agreed, the grossest corruption had confounded and perverted them; and, when learning was so confined to the narrowest systems of reasoning, that she became the foster-mother of prejudice and error, he turned his acquisitions to the purposes most useful to mankind. Such a character, in such an age as that in which Wycliffe lived, may well demand our respect; and, had the events which took place two centuries after not taught his countrymen the value of his labours, we should, nevertheless, in these times, have been obliged to acknowledge his pre-eminence, in wisdom and learning, above all his contemporaries. But the exertions of this great man, in the propagation and defence of truth, were of the greatest importance to its cause. He was, there is little reason to doubt, the first of that noble band of heroes to whom the world owes its present freedom from intolerant superstitions; and that he led the way in England to the changes which followed in the succeeding age, no question can be made. Besides the effect produced by his noble assault on the most corrupt of the monastic institutions; his publication of purer doctrines in regard to the essential parts of the Christian scheme; and his endeavours to introduce the people in general to a knowledge of the records of their religion, by his translation of the Scriptures: consequences followed his exertions, which extended their influence far beyond the times he laboured in, or which could have been looked for by himself. Although failing in producing the reformation which he sought for, and which it was reserved for the scholars of Germany to effect, he taught numbers the truths of an unadulterated faith; but, what was more, he had set up the standard of truth so firmly, that it remained as a signal to others, who, though not having the courage or intellectual vigour to commence such a struggle, were enabled to throw off many of their errors, when they had the works or the reputation of a man like Wycliffe to assist their resolution. The numbers which, in a few years afterwards, suffered under the name of his disciples; the pains which were taken by their persecutors to destroy his theological treatises, and the horrid, but puerile, malignity manifested by them when they decreed his exhumation,—afford abundant evidence both of the power of his name and of the dread which the enemies of the Reformation had of it. It is singular that we should hitherto have had no proper history of this celebrated man, with the exception of one by a clergyman of the name of Lewis, which was published a hundred years back, and which, it appears from Mr. Vaughan's account, was so imperfectly written as to afford the opponents of Wycliffe's opinions the most fruitful materials for slandering and blackening his character. With regard, however, to nearly all the most interesting particulars in the life of the Reformer, the reader of ecclesiastical history has a great variety of works from which to collect the information desired. Mr. Vaughan's, therefore, is principally to be commended as affording, at one view, whatever can be discovered, illustrative either of the opinions or

character of Wycliffe. But, in one point of view his publication deserves a much higher praise; and, while it will, from the former consideration, be highly useful to the general reader, it will, for the one we are about to mention, deserve the attention of the more erudite and curious student. It is much to the author's praise, that he has devoted a very considerable portion of time and labour to the diligent and unceasing study of the Reformer's writings in their original copies. This has enabled him to speak with proper confidence on controverted points, and, throughout his work, to write in the style of a man who has become acquainted with his subject from sources of information, into which others of less industry would not have looked.

There are several passages in the work of great interest, and calculated to throw much light on the state of learning and society in the fourteenth century. The following account of Wycliffe's early studies is of this character, and contains some interesting hints on the state of learning in the Universities at that time:

‘While, however, we are left to imagine the success which marked the attention of the youthful Wycliffe to the usual elements of learning, the character of the instructions, which the institutions of the fourteenth century presented, is sufficiently ascertained. At this period, the improving state of society had extended the means of education beyond the precincts of the Cathedral and the monastery. Not only in the larger cities, but in every borough and castle, schools are said to have been established. In these seminaries, the Latin language was taught with a zeal, somewhat proportioned to its importance, as the only key of knowledge. Thus initiated, the pupil passed to the study of certain approved works on grammar, rhetoric, and logic; also on music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. These sciences, which, it will be observed, were seven in number, were thought to be so explained, as to include, within their mystic circle, whatever was deemed important, or even possible to be known. But a knowledge of grammar was usually the extent of the learning acquired in these provincial institutions; the more complete study of rhetoric and logic, and of the various departments of natural philosophy being, in general, reserved for the advanced scholarship of University students.

‘Having passed through this probationary discipline, it remained for Wycliffe, or his connections, to determine whether Oxford or Cambridge should be the place of his future studies. The former was preferred. In that university, Wycliffe is first known as a commoner in Queen's college; a seminary founded in the year 1340, and which has numbered our Reformer with its earliest members. The establishment in which he thus commenced the maturer discipline of his capacities, had risen in part from the munificence of Philippa, the Queen of Edward the Third, but still more from the laudable zeal of Sir Robert Eglesfield, her chaplain. This clergyman was a native of Cumberland, and the college formed by his influence was intended chiefly for the benefit of students from the northern counties, a circumstance which may account for its being chosen by a youth from the borders of Westmoreland and Durham. But the infancy of such institutions is inseparable from many disadvantages, and such as must be deeply felt by a mind ardent in its pursuit of knowledge. Wycliffe had not yet passed the seventeenth year of his age; but it is fair to suppose that this feature was already conspicuous in his character, and his dissatisfaction may be read in his speedy removal to Merton, a college in the same University, but founded in the preceding century. At this period the society of Merton was the most distinguished in Oxford. It had produced some of the most scientific scholars of the age, and had supplied the English church with three metropolitans: its divinity chair had been recently filled by the celebrated Bradwardine, and within its walls Ockham and Duns Scotus had disclosed that genius, the fame of which was at this time commensurate with Christendom, and was believed to be immortal.

‘While we contemplate Wycliffe as engaged in those grammatical studies to which the years of boyhood are commonly devoted, Oxford appears as the residence of thirty thousand students. Previous to his appearance as probationer of Merton, this number, from causes which will be explained, was greatly reduced. His connexion, however, with the most distinguished scholars of a seminary, yielding but to the University of Paris in its fame, could hardly fail to diffuse the most

important influence over a mind, remarkable alike for its thirst of knowledge, and the capacity of acquiring it. Without wholly neglecting any of the more important branches of science, the studies of Wycliffe appear to have been regulated by a conscientious regard to such qualifications as were demanded by the solemn office which he was about to assume. In the received doctrines on natural philosophy, he in consequence felt but a partial interest. It was sufficient, however, to induce that attention to them, which rendered him in some instances sceptical, where less thoughtful inquirers had relinquished suspicion. That he was perfectly familiar with the rules of rhetoric, then so sedulously taught, is certain, from his knowledge of acquaintance with authors who had treated on these and with others in whose style they were most laboriously exemplified. His own writings, however, betray none of the appearances of art. It is plain, that his mind, when approaching any question connected with piety, was ever too much occupied with the error to be eradicated, or the truth to be established, to admit of any material solicitude respecting the cadence or the niceties of language. Hence, most of his works bear the marks of hurried composition, but are at the same time distinguished by that free use of vernacular terms, that reiteration of important sentiment, and that general obviousness and strength of expression, which conferred on them a charm of novelty, and an efficiency to shake the faith and customs of a nation. It may be safely affirmed, that his writings contributed far more than those of any other man to form and invigorate the dialect of his country. But this effect, though important, was of subordinate interest in the mind of Wycliffe, and was among other benefits which arose incidentally from that ardour in the best cause of the community, which his religious opinions had excited, and which, he knew, could prove subservient to the popular welfare but through the medium of the popular language. Had our Reformer written elegant Latin, or possessed any considerable acquaintance with Greek, it would have been to surpass his contemporaries in literature, scarcely less than in his views of the religion of the Bible. In the west, at this period, the language of Greece may be considered as unknown, and that of Rome was no where written in its purity. Terms and phrases derived from the former, are of frequent occurrence in Wycliffe's more learned productions; the latter he wrote with fluency, and with as much of correctness as the taste of the age is judged to be important. A very imperfect acquaintance with this language, was the only attainment in philology, required, at that period, from candidates for the clerical office.

‘With this study, however, that of the civil and canon law, and that of divinity, as taught by the schoolmen, had long been associated. By Wycliffe, these branches of knowledge were closely investigated. But, with the laws of the empire and of the church, he united those of England, as not less deserving his attention; and his information, relating to each, was soon to be effectively employed in the cause of national freedom, and of a purer christianity. The canons of the church were collected principally from the decrees of councils and of pontiffs, and formed an authority, by which a multitude of causes, once pertaining solely to the magistrate, were at length attached to the exclusive jurisdiction of the Christian pastor. A spirit of rivalry here arose between the courts of princes and those of the bishops, and such as to render it a proverb, that to excel as a canonist, required the learning of a civilian. There were also numerous provincial and national customs opposed to that imperial system of legislation which had disappeared with the civilisation of the empire, and to that dominion of canonical law which churchmen had reared upon its ruins. This was considerably the case in England; and it ought not, perhaps, to excite surprise, that the ambition, aided by the pedantry of the times, should be found struggling to exclude the native jurisprudence from the class of liberal studies. But the independent mind of Wycliffe was not to be thus deterred from ascertaining the merits of customs which had descended with the generation of his father-land, nor, at length, from preferring them openly to the decree of Gratian, or the code of the empire.

‘Conforming to usages which the practice of more than two centuries had contributed to establish, he became early devoted to the study of scholastic theology, and was soon distinguished by his acquirements and skill. Among schoolmen, Aristotle was revered as the only safe guide to the meaning of St. Paul. Aided by the logic and metaphysics of their master, there was nothing either known, or supposed to have been known, which these disputants did not attempt to describe

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem. By Edwin Atherstone. 8vo., pp. 288., 12s. Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1828.

In sitting down to the examination of an epic poem, our thoughts are involuntarily carried back to the times when the fathers of modern criticism amused themselves with laying down rules to direct the builders of the 'lofty rhyme,' and when even poets themselves tuned their verse to the naturally unmusical burden of critical science. Whether any of these philosophers in the art of poetry effected any good purpose by their efforts, is matter of considerable doubt; but certain it is, we know of no epic or tragedy to which they can lay the smallest claim as having contributed to its intrinsic beauty or popularity. In our own country, no remarkable attempts have been made at setting forth a compilation of classical rules and institutes for the guidance of the poet. The greatest men in the early days of English literature have occasionally written on the subject; but it is a curious circumstance, that they have written, not with any regard to the technicalities of criticism, but in the clear, bold, and fervid spirit of true practical philosophy; not laying down rules for the composition of certain species of poetry, but ranging with delight through the bright and flowery fields whence it has gathered the very manna of its inspiration. Witness, for example, that piece of excellent, though quaint and forgotten eloquence, in which Sir Philip Sidney, speaking of poets, says, that they only, disdaining to be tied to any of the subjections of other thinking men, 'do grow in effect another nature, in making things better than nature bringeth forth, or quite new forms, such as never was in nature, so as they go hand in hand with nature, not inclosed in within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only within the zodiac of their own wit:' or that equally beautiful and noble sentiment of Bacon, which describes poetry as 'having something of divineness; because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.' Nothing was ever written on the subject which contained a finer or more philosophical description of the true nature of poetry than this. But, while the founders of English literature thus early taught us to value its highest branches for their abstract worth, or excellency, both France and Italy had their popularly received masters in criticism, who, instead of lifting the veil from the divine form of poesy, and leaving men to worship her for her beauty and perfection, endeavoured to secure the love and imitation of the old models of classic composition, by proving their construction to be in perfect accordance with certain discoverable principles of the poetic art. This, in reality, effected nothing but the encouragement of a few writers of no genius to attempt the higher walks of poetry, which their false guides had seemed to make plain and of easy access. The men of superior talent who pursued the same track were neither assisted nor influenced by the treatises that were written on the subject of their attention. Dante and Ariosto, our own Shakespeare and Spenser, the master-spirits of their respective ages, set rules at defiance, or, rather, worked after such as, not critics, but poetry itself, had taught them. Milton is, perhaps, a still more conspicuous instance. He was a most accomplished classical scholar; he had been acquainted from his youth with the writings which were best calculated to make him respect the rules of epic composition; but, notwithstanding this, it is easy to see that the free and romantic genius of his native Muse had a greater share in the management of his principal poems, than the classical one of antiquity. In the examination, therefore, of Mr. Atherstone's poem, it is not the strict rules of the epic we should apply to its several pages, in any case, but we have other reasons at present:

in the first place, the portion before us will not enable us to judge of the completeness or consistency of Mr. Atherstone's plan, and, in the next, as the first six books are sent forth as a specimen of the work, it will be at present more useful to follow the author's example, and produce specimens of his style and versification. The following extracts are distinguished by great beauty of language and poetical imagery:

'The Priest withdrew.

Upon the summit of the hill arrived,
Amid the holy trees,—his falchion first,
And glittering spear upon the ground he laid:
His brazen helmet next, and shining mail:
Then, in his priestly vestments clad alone,
Fell prostrate on the earth. Uprising soon,
His arms he lifted, and his kindled eye
Turned towards the dazzling multitude of heaven,
And the bright moon. His pale and awful face
Grew paler as he gazed, and thus began:—
"Look down upon us from your spheres of light,
Bright Ministers of the Invisible!
Before whose dread Supremacy weak man
May not appear: for what are we, earth worms,
That the All-Holy One to us should stoop
From the pure sanctuary where he dwells,
Throned in eternal light? but yet his face
Behold, and in his presence stand, and hear
His voice divine; and his commands obey,—
Vicegerents of the sky. Upon your priest
Look down, and hear his prayer. And you the chief,—
Bright Mediators between God and man,—
Who, on your burning chariots, path the heavens,
In ceaseless round,—Saturn, and mighty Sol,—
Though absent now, beyond the ends of earth,
Yet hearing human prayer,—great Jupiter,—
Venus—and Mars—and Mercury—O! hear,
Interpreters divine! and for your priest,
Draw the dark veil that shades the days to come!
Do not the nations groan? Is not this land,
This proud Assyria, drunken with her power?
Yon giant city, where the tyrant dwells,
Is she not steeped in guilt unto the lips?
Are not her women foul?—her men debased?
Is there, on earth, a monster like to him
That sitteth on her throne, and holds in bonds
Millions, and tens of millions, whose loud cry
Ascendeth daily to the sky for help?
And will ye then not help?"

'He paused, and gazed

Long time in silence on the starry host;
His face like marble; but his large dark eye
Lit as with fire: Then,—as upon him shone
Heaven opening,—and the vision of the years,
Shadowy, before him passed,—with hollow voice,
Broken and tremulous. "I feel ye will—
I see the dark veil drawn—I see a throne
Dashed to the earth—I see a mighty blaze
As of a city flaming to the heaven—
Another rises—and another throne—
Thereon a crowned one, godlike—but his face
With cloud o'er-shadowed yet—ha! is it thou?
Hark! hark! the countless nations shout for joy!
I hear their voices like the multitudes
Of Ocean's tempest waves—I hear—I see!"

The following description of Sardanapalus' approach to battle is very highly wrought:

'He comes at length:—

The thickening thunder of the wheels is heard:
Upon their hinges roaring, open fly
The brazen gates:—sounds then the tramp of hoofs,—
And lo! the gorgeous pageant, like the sun,
Flares on their startled eyes. Four snow-white steeds,
In golden trappings, barbed all in gold,
Spring through the gate:—the lofty chariot then,
Of ebony, with gold and gems thick strown,
Even like the starry night. The spokes were gold,
With fellics of strong brass; and the knaves were brass,
With burnished gold o'erlaid, and diamond rimmed:
Steel were the axles, in bright silver cased;
The pole was cased in silver: high aloft,
Like a rich throne, the gorgeous seat was framed;
Of ivory part, part silver, and part gold:
On either side a golden statue stood:
Upon the right,—and on a throne of gold,—
Great Belus, of the Assyrian empire first,
And worshipp'd as a God; but, on the left,
In a resplendent car by lions drawn,
A Goddess; on her head, a tower; and, round,
Celestial glory: this the deity
Whom most the monarch worshipt; she whom, since,

and analyse. No truth was regarded as established, until the errors opposed to it had been formally assailed; and extemporaneous debate on the questions of nature and law, of morals and religion, conducted with the forms and technicalities prescribed by the Socratic, was an employment to which the most cultivated minds addressed their whole capacity; and in which to excel, was to afford the most unquestionable evidence of extraordinary genius. These discussions became, to the inmates of colleges, what the tournament had long been to the knight and the baron, and too frequently had about as little connection with a spirit of devotion, or an improvement of morals. It must, at the same time, be conceded, that these debates were not without their use; and that Wycliffe should begin his career, by treading in the steps of men who were honoured as the luminaries of their time, can neither excite surprise, nor merit reproof. The study of Aristotle as the only certain preceptor of truth, in revealed theology, in the duties of life, and in the system of nature, was alone dignified with the name of philosophy; and that our Reformer knew no superior, as a master in this science, is manifest, both from the plaudits of partisans and the concessions of opponents who were alike his contemporaries. Scholastic exercises, or the public disputations already noticed, were justly regarded as subjecting every pretension to mental superiority to the most unequivocal test. The ever-changing aspect of these discussions, demanded a readiness of perception, an extent of knowledge, and a facility of communication, which left no room for the triumphs of the feeble. To state, that in such contests, John de Wycliffe was unrivalled, would be to adopt the language of praise, but a language colder than that which his genius extorted from one of the most relentless of his foes, who affirms his powers of debate to have been almost more than human. This proficiency in a science having respect to such a diversity of objects, and burdened with a frightful nomenclature, supposes ardent application, and a conviction of its general usefulness. While, however, it would have been indeed surprising if Wycliffe had not imbibed the sentiment of the age, respecting the importance of this philosophy, it was almost impossible that such a mind should have become so completely versed in its principles, without some misgivings as to the justice of its vast pretensions. 'It is at the same time due to its votaries to state, that, in the writings of schoolmen, amid much that is sceptical in its tendency, and more that is useless or pernicious, the truths of the gospel are not unfrequently to be discovered: and that they are sometimes exhibited on a scale of correctness, and marked by a purity of application, which would have done honour to men of any later period. That the mind of Wycliffe derived a portion of its light from this source, is certain; and it is equally evident that others were thus in some degree prepared to receive his more peculiar doctrine. From his writings we learn that he never wholly abandoned the scholastic topics of discussion, nor his methods of reasoning. From the same source, however, we also learn, that, in the art of wisely separating the precious from the vile, he far surpassed the most enlightened of his countrymen. To remove the errors which treachery or ignorance has been long employed in interweaving with the truth, and to preserve the latter uninjured, must ever be a work of difficulty. In the age of Wycliffe, when the false had acquired so complete an ascendancy over the true, it was a task of eminent peril. His ardent attachment to the sacred scriptures, which at length procured him the appellation of "The Gospel Doctor," could not have been disclosed without considerable hazard to his reputation as a scholar. For such was the prevailing contempt of the sacred writings, or the mistakes of men induced by the papal doctrine of infallibility as to the uses to which they should be applied, that an adherence to that volume, even as a text-book, was sufficient to incur the leading Universities of Europe to exclude the offender from their walls. Friar Bacon, and Grosteste, the celebrated bishop of Lincoln, honoured the cause of these persecuted teachers with their pleadings; but their arguments and their influence were put forth in vain. In the age of our Reformer, men may have begun to discover that their "seraphic" instructors, in promising them wisdom, had pledged themselves for more than was performed. But it yet seemed to require the whole of Wycliffe's acknowledged talent, to give popularity to the exploded custom of lecturing on morals and divinity from the pages of holy writ. The charge, either of ignorance or of incapacity, as preferred against him, was known to be perilous; accordingly his opponents invariably accuse him of design, rather than of weakness.'—Vol. I. pp. 226-236.

Astarte, or Derecto, men have named,
And Venus, queen of love. Around her waist
A girdle, glittering with all radiant gems,
Seemed heaving to her breath. Behind the car,
Full in the centre, on the ebony ground,
Flamed forth a diamond sun; on either side,
A horned moon of diamond; and, beyond,
The planets, each one blazing diamond.
Such was the chariot of the king of kings.
‘Himself in dazzling armour stands aloft,
And rules the fiery steeds. His shield of gold,
His spear, his helm, his bow and quiver hang
Within the roomy car. Thus, like a God,
From forth the gates he comes,—and every knee
Bends to the ground, and every voice cries out,
“Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!” Thrice he smiles,
And waves his hands to all; and thrice the shouts
To heaven go up. Then on his starting horse
Springs every rider; every charioteer
Leaps to his car; and through the sounding streets
The pageant flames, and on the dusty plain
Pours forth: and evermore, from street to street,
Runs on the cry, “The king! the king comes forth!
The king of kings in his war-chariot comes!
Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!”

‘To the walls
The cry flies on,—they hear it on the plains,—
The plains cry out,—they hear it in the heavens.
On through the bowing host the monarch drives;
High over all conspicuous, the bright crown,
Like an ethereal fire, through all the field
Flashing perpetual light. From rank to rank,
From nation unto nation, goes he on;
And still all knees are bent, all voices raised,
As to a deity.’

Nehushta's Bower.

‘Twas a spot
Farthest removed, and by no sound disturbed,
And by no eye overlooked; for in the midst
Of loftiest trees, umbrageous, was it hid,—
Yet to the sunshine open, and the airs
That from the deep shades all around it breathed,
Cool, and sweet-scented. Myrtles, jessamine,—
Roses of varied hues,—all climbing shrubs,
Green-leaved and fragrant, had she planted there,—
And trees of slender body, fruit and flower;—
At early morn had watered, and at eve,
From a bright fountain high, that ceaselessly
Gushed with a gentle coil from out the earth,
Its liquid diamonds flinging to the sun
With a soft whisper. To a graceful arch,
The plant branches, intertwined, were bent;
Flowers some,—and some rich fruits of gorgeous
hues,
Down hanging lavishly, the taste to please,
Or, with rich scent, the smell,—or that fine sense
Of beauty that in forms and colours rare
Doth take delight. With fragrant moss the floor
Was planted, to the foot a carpet rich,
Or, for the languid limbs, a downy couch,
Inviting slumber. At the noon-tide hour,
Here, with some chosen maidens would she come,
Stories of love to listen, or the deeds
Of heroes of old days: the harp, sometimes,
Herself would touch, and, with her own sweet voice,
Fill all the air with loveliness. But, chief,
When to his green-wave bed the wearied sun
Had parted, and heaven’s glorious arch yet shone,—
A last gleam catching from his closing eye,—
The palace, with her maidens, quitting then,
Through vistas dim of tall trees would she pass,—
Cedar, or waving pine, or giant palm,—
‘I brought orange groves, and citron,—myrtle walks,—
Alleys of roses,—beds of sweetest flowers,—
Their richest incense to the dewy breeze
Breathing profusely all,—and, having reached
The spot beloved, with sport, or dance awhile
On the small lawn, to sound of dulcimer,
The pleasant time would pass; or to the lute
Give ear delighted, and the plaintive voice
That sang of hapless love: or, arm in arm,
Amid the twilight saunter, listing oft
The fountain’s murmur, or the evening’s sigh,
Or whisperings in the leaves,—or, in his pride
Of minstrelsy, the sleepless nightingale
Flooding the air with beauty of sweet sounds:
And, ever as the silence came again,
The distant and unceasing hum could hear
Of that magnificent city, on all sides
Surrounding them. But oft with one alone,
One faithful, favoured maiden, would she come;

At early morn sometimes, while every flower,
In diamonds glittering, with its proud weight bowed;
When through the glittering trees the golden beams
Aslant their bright flood poured, and every bird
In his green palace sitting sang aloud,
And all the air with youthful fragrance teemed,
Fresh as at Nature’s birth:—her pastime then,
The flowers to tend,—to look upon the sky,—
And on the earth,—and drink the perfumed air,—
And in the gladness of all things be glad.
But in the placid twilight hour of eve
Not seldom came they: Dara then the harp,
Or dulcimer would touch; or, happier still,
His words of love into her listening ear
Distil with sweeter music than from strings,
Or breathing pipe, though sweet.’

After quoting the above, our readers will be enabled to judge of the author’s power of language and versification. Mr. Atherstone is evidently a writer of the first ability, and the design of his present Poem appears to be a great and happy one. We warn him against aiming too much at smoothness in over-ornamenting his verse. An epic poem must entirely depend for success on a sort of regal grandeur in its language, and the most noble simplicity of exalted sentiment. The taste of the age is, perhaps, unfitted to give extensive popularity to a composition, depending for its praise on such characteristics; but no epic can be tolerated without them; and it would be a hopeless task in an author to endeavour a successful union between the style which would please popular readers and that fitted for an epic. Mr. Atherstone, we doubt not, will be found, when his poem is complete, to have avoided the errors of such an attempt; and we look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the remainder of his *Nineveh*.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

Chronicles of the Canongate. Second Series. By the Author of ‘Waverley,’ &c. 3 vols. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh, 1828.

We have never been among those who considered that the Author of ‘Waverley’ was overwriting himself, or giving more of his productions to the public than satisfied public curiosity. In the writings of no one author is there so much variety of description; and, notwithstanding all that has been ever said to the contrary, so many different characters delineated with equal power and vivacity. There is something very absurd in the manner in which several of his latter novels have been judged of, and assigned a place very inferior to that occupied by his first. It is, however, a circumstance of which few authors are able to consider themselves proud, that Sir Walter Scott has been always measured by himself alone, and his works compared with each other instead of with those of other authors. But whatever opinion may have been entertained of the tales which more immediately preceded the one before us, the second series of ‘The Chronicles of the Canongate,’ may fairly be ranked as equal with the best and most admired productions of the author. The true excellency of this most exquisite novel, can only be either understood or enjoyed by a complete perusal of its contents. With our best efforts, therefore, to afford our readers a taste of the banquet it promises, we will not deceive them by leading them to suppose that it is more than a taste, or that they ought to be satisfied with what we are able to offer them. The following extracts, however, are as admirable as the detached portions of any work can be. We therefore give them, and beg to assure our readers, that, in giving them, we have been particularly careful to avoid the barbarous practice of tearing out, as it were, the last leaf of the book for them, and spoiling their future pleasure in reading the novel by letting them into the secret of the plot. With inferior novels it is merciful to do it, because it saves them the trouble of reading pages of insipid nonsense; but to do so with a Waverley novel, would

be the perfection of barbarism. For the understanding of the following passages, it will be sufficient to inform the reader, that the time of the story is the reign of Robert of Scotland, and the principal personages the young Duke of Rothsay his son; Ramorny, a pander to the pleasures of the latter, but afterwards his deadly enemy; Dwining, a physician, and the confederate of Ramorny in his schemes; Simon, a glover, of Perth, and his daughter Catherine, the heroine; and lastly, Henry of the Wynde, a stout noble-hearted armorer, who aspires to Catherine’s hand; and Conachar, at first Simon’s apprentice, but afterwards found to be the son of a highland chieftain. The following introduces us to the scene where Ramorny, having lost his hand in a midnight scuffle with the armorer, and in endeavouring to assist Rothsay in carrying off Catherine, thus submits himself to the cunning but proud physician.

‘We have shown the secrets of the confessional; those of the sick chamber are not hidden from us. In a darkened apartment, where salves and medicines showed that the leech had been busy in his craft, a tall thin form lay on a bed, arrayed in a night-gown belted around him, with pain on his brow, and a thousand stormy passions agitating his bosom. Every thing in the apartment indicated a man of opulence and of expense. Henbane Dwining, the apothecary, who seemed to have the care of the patient, stole with a crafty and cat-like step from one corner of the room to another, busying himself with mixing medicines and preparing dressings. The sick man groaned once or twice, on which the leech, advancing to his bed-side, asked whether these sounds were a token of the pain of his body, or of the distress of his mind.

“Of both, thou poisoning varlet,” said Sir John Ramorny; “and of being encumbered with thy accursed company.”

“If that is all, I can relieve your knighthood of one of these ills, by presently removing myself elsewhere. Thanks to the feuds of this boisterous time, had I twenty hands, instead of these two poor servants of my art, (displaying his skinny palms,) there is enough of employment for them; well-requited employment, too, where thanks and crowns contend which shall best pay my services; while you, Sir John, wreak upon your chirurgeon the anger you ought only to bear against the author of your wound.”

“Villain, it is beneath me to reply to thee,” said the patient; “but every word of thy malignant tongue is a dirk, inflicting wounds which set all the medicines of Arabia at defiance.”

“Sir John, I understand you not; but, if you give way to these tempestuous fits of rage, it is impossible but fever and inflammation must be the result.”

“Why then dost thou speak in a sense to chafe my blood? Why dost thou name the supposition of thy worthless self having more hands than nature gave thee, while I, a knight and gentleman, am mutilated like a cripple?”

“Sir John,” replied the chirurgeon, “I am no divine, nor a mainly obstinate believer in some things which divines tell us. Yet I may remind you that you have been kindly dealt with; for, if the blow that has done you this injury had lighted on your neck, as it was aimed, it would have swept your head from your shoulders, instead of amputating a less considerable member.”

“I wish it had, Dwining—I wish it had lighted as it was addressed. I should not then have seen a policy, which had spun a web so fine as mine, burst through by the brute force of a drunken churl. I should not have been reserved to see horses which I must not mount—lists which I must no longer enter—splendours which I cannot hope to share—or battles which I must not take part in. I should not, with a man’s passions for power and for strife, be set to keep place among the women, despised by them, too, as a miserable impotent cripple, unable to aim at obtaining the favour of the sex.”

“Supposing all this to be so, I will yet pray of your knighthood to remark,” replied Dwining, still busying himself with arranging the dressings of the wounds, “that your eyes, which you must have lost with your head, may, being spared to you, present as rich a prospect of pleasure as either ambition, or victory in the lists or in the field, or the love of woman itself, could have proposed to you.”

“My sense is too dull to catch thy meaning, leech,”

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replied Ramorny. "What is this precious spectacle reserved to me in such a shipwreck?"

"The dearest that mankind knows," replied Dwining; and then, in the accent of a lover who utters the name of his beloved mistress, and expresses his passion for her in the very tone of his voice, he added the word "REVENGE!"

"The patient had raised himself on his couch to listen with some anxiety for the solution of the physician's enigma. He laid himself down again as he heard it explained, and, after a short pause, asked, "In what Christian college learned you this morality, good Master Dwining?"

"In no Christian college," answered his physician; "for, though it is privately received in most, it is openly and manfully adopted in none. But I have studied among the sages of Granada, where the fiery-souled Moor lifts his deadly dagger as it drops with his enemy's blood, and avows the doctrine which the pallid Christian practises, though coward-like he dare not name it."

"Thou art then a more high-souled villain than I deemed thee," said Ramorny.

"Let that pass," answered Dwining. "The waters that are the stillest, are also the deepest; and the foe is most to be dreaded who never threatens till he strikes. You knights and men-at-arms go straight to your purpose with sword in hand. We, who are clerks, win our access with a noiseless step and an indirect approach, but attain our object not less surely."

"And I," said the Knight, "who have trod to my revenge with a mailed foot, which made all echo around it, must now use such a slipper as thine? Ha!"

"He who lacks strength," said the wily mediciner, "must attain his purpose by skill."

"And tell me sincerely, mediciner, wherefore thou wouldst read me these devil's lessons? Why wouldst thou thrust me faster or further on to my vengeance, than I may seem to thee ready to go of my own accord? I am old in the ways of the world, man; and I know that such as thou do not drop words in vain, or thrust themselves upon the dangerous confidence of men like me, save with the prospect of advancing some purpose of their own. What interest hast thou in the road, whether peaceful or bloody, which I may pursue on these occasions?"

"In plain dealing, Sir Knight, though it is what I seldom use," answered the leech, "my road to revenge is the same with yours."

"With mine, man?" said Ramorny, with a tone of scornful surprise. "I thought it had been high beyond thy reach. Thou aim at the same revenge with Ramorny!"

"Ay, truly," replied Dwining; "for the smithy churl under whose blow you have suffered, has often done me despite and injury. He has thwarted me in council, and despised me in action. His brutal and unhesitating bluntness is a living reproach to the subtlety of my natural disposition. I fear him, and I hate him."

"And you hope to find an active coadjutor in me?" said Ramorny, in the same supercilious tone as before. "But know, the artisan fellow is too low in degree, to be to me either the object of hatred or of fear. Yet he shall not escape. We hate not the reptile that has stung us, though we might shake it off the wound, and tread upon it. I know the ruffian of old as a stout man-at-arms, and a pretender, as I have heard, to the favour of the scornful puppet, whose beauties, forthwith, spurred us to our wise and hopeful attempt.—Fiends, that direct this nether world! by what malice have you decided that the hand which has couched a lance against the bosom of a prince, should be struck off like a sapling, by the blow of a churl, and during the turmoil of a midnight riot!—Well, mediciner, thus far our courses hold together, and I bid thee well believe that I will crush for thee this reptile mechanic. But do not thou think to escape me, when that part of my revenge is done, which will be most easily and speedily accomplished."

"Not, it may be, altogether so easily accomplished," said the apothecary; "for if your knighthood will credit me, there will be found small ease or security in dealing with him. He is the strongest, boldest, and most skilful swords-man in Perth, and all the country around it."

"Fear nothing; he shall be met with had he the strength of Sampson. But then, mark me! Hope not thou to escape my vengeance, unless thou become my passive agent in the scene which is to follow. Mark me, I say, once more. I have studied at no Moorish college, and lack some of thy unbounded appetite for

revenge, but yet I will have my share of vengeance.—Listen to me, mediciner, while I shall thus far unfold myself; but beware of treachery, for powerful as thy fiend is, thou hast taken lessons from a meaner devil than mine. Hearken—the master whom I have served through vice and virtue, with too much zeal for my own character perhaps, but with unshaken fidelity to him—the very man, to soothe whose frantic folly I have incurred this irreparable loss, is, at the prayer of his doating father, about to sacrifice me, by turning me out of his favour, and leaving me at the mercy of the hypocritical relative, with whom he seeks a precarious reconciliation at my expense. If he perseveres in this most ungrateful purpose, thy fiercest Moors, were their complexion swarthy as the smoke of hell, shall blush to see their revenge outdone! But I will give him one more chance for honour and safety, before my wrath shall descend on him in unrelenting and unmitigated fury.—There, then, thus far thou hast my confidence.—Close hands on our bargain—close hands, did I say?—where is the hand that should be the pledge and representative of Ramorny's plighted word! is it nailed on the public pillory, or flung as offal to the houseless dogs, who are even now snarling over it? Lay thy finger on the mutilated stump then, and swear to be a faithful actor in my revenge, as I shall be in yours.—How now, Sir Leech, look you pale—you, who say to Death, stand back or advance, can you tremble to think of him or to hear him named? I have not mentioned your fee, for one who loves revenge for itself, requires no deeper bribe—yet, if broad lands and large sums of gold can increase thy zeal in a brave cause, believe me, these shall not be lacking."

"They tell for something in my humble wishes," said Dwining; "the poor man in this bustling world is thrust down like a dwarf in a crowd, and so trodden under foot—the rich and powerful rise like giants above the press, and are at ease, while all is turmoil around them."

"Then shalt thou arise above the press, mediciner, as high as gold can raise thee. This purse is weighty, yet it is but an earnest of thy guerdon."—Vol. ii. pp. 79-88.

The consequence of the conversation above related, was a determination that the armourer should be way laid and murdered. Happily, another citizen is mistaken for him; but the report of his being killed reached the ears of Catherine, who had just before shown him some little pettishness. Her hasty flight to his house is thus related:

"While the trusty Dorothy was putting her prudent resolve into execution, Catherine ran through the streets of Perth in a manner, which, at another moment, would have brought on her the attention of every one, who saw her hurrying on with a reckless impetuosity, wildly, and widely different from the ordinary decency and composure of her step and manner, and without the plaid, scarf, or mantle, which "women of good," of fair character and decent rank, universally carried around them, when they went abroad. But, distracted as the people were, every one inquiring or telling the cause of the tumult, and most recounting it different ways, the negligence of her dress, and discomposure of her manner, made no impression on any one; and she was suffered to press forward on the path she had chosen, without attracting more notice than the other females, who, stirred by anxious curiosity or fear, had come out to inquire the cause of an alarm so general—it might be to seek for friends, for whose safety they were interested."

"As Catherine passed along, she felt all the wild influence of the agitating scene, and it was with difficulty she forbore from repeating the cries of lamentation and alarm, which were echoed around her. In the meantime, she rushed rapidly on, embarrassed, like one in a dream, with a strange sense of dreadful calamity, the precise nature of which she was unable to define, but which implied the dreadful consciousness, that the man who loved her so fondly, whose good qualities she so highly esteemed, and whom she now felt to be dearer, than perhaps she would before have acknowledged to her own bosom, was murdered, and most probably by her means. The connection betwixt Henry's supposed death, and the descent of Conachar and his followers, though adopted by her in a moment of extreme and engrossing emotion, was sufficiently probable to have been received for truth, even if her understanding had been at leisure to examine its credibility. Without knowing what she sought, except the general desire to know the worst of the dreadful report, she hurried forward to the very spot, which of all others her feelings of the preceding day would have induced her to avoid."

"Who would, upon the evening of Shrove-tide, have persuaded the proud, the timid, the shy, the rigidly decorous Catherine Glover, that, before mass on Ash Wednesday, she should rush through the streets of Perth, making her way amidst tumult and confusion, with her hair unbound, and her dress disarranged, to seek the house of that same lover, who, she had reason to believe, had so grossly and indelicately neglected and affronted her, as to pursue a low and licentious amour! Yet so it was; and her eagerness taking, as if by instinct, the road which was most free, she avoided the High Street, where the pressure was greatest, and reached the wynd by the narrow lanes on the northern skirt of the town, through which Henry Smith had formerly escorted Louisa. But even these comparatively lonely passages were now astir with passengers, so general was the alarm. Catherine Glover made her way through them, however, while such as observed her looked on each other, and shook their heads in sympathy with her distress. At length, without any distinct idea of her own purpose, she stood before her lover's door, and knocked for admittance."

"The silence which succeeded the echoing of her hasty summons increased the alarm, which had induced her to take this desperate measure."

"Open,—open, Henry!" she cried. "Open, if you yet live!—Open, if you would not find Catherine Glover dead upon your threshold!"

"As she cried thus frantically, to ears which she was taught to believe were stopped by death, the lover she invoked opened the door in person, just in time to prevent her sinking on the ground. The extremity of his ecstatic joy upon an occasion so unexpected, was qualified only by the wonder which forbade him to believe it real, and by his alarm at the closed eyes, half-opened and blanched lips, total absence of complexion, and apparently total cessation of breathing."

"Henry had remained at home, in spite of the general alarm, which had reached his ears for a considerable time, fully determined to put himself in the way of no brawls that he could avoid; and it was only in compliance with a summons from the Magistrates, which, as a burgher, he was bound to obey, that, taking his sword and buckler from the wall, he was about to go forth, for the first time unwillingly, to pay his service, as his tenure bound him."

"It is hard," he said, "to be put forward in all the town feuds, when the fighting work is so detestable to Catherine. I am sure there are enough of wenchers in Perth, that say to their gallants, 'Go out—do your devoir bravely, and win your lady's grace'; and yet they send not for their lovers, but for me, who cannot do the duties of a man to protect a minstrel woman, or of a burgher who fights for the honour of his town, but this peevish Catherine uses me as if I were a brawler and bordeller!"

"Such were the thoughts which occupied his mind, when, as he opened his door to issue forth, the person dearest to his thoughts, but whom he certainly least expected to see, was present to his eyes, and dropped into his arms."

"His mixture of surprise, joy, and anxiety, did not deprive him of the presence of mind which the occasion demanded. To place Catherine Glover in safety, and recall her to herself, was to be thought of before rendering obedience to the summons of the Magistrates, however pressing that had been delivered. He carried his lovely burden, as light as a feather, yet more precious than the same quantity of purest gold, into a small bedchamber which had been his mother's. It was the most fit for an invalid, as it looked into the garden, and was separated from the noise of the tumult."

"Here, Nurse—Nurse Shoobred—come quick—come for death and life—here is one wants thy help!"

"Up trotted the old dame. "If it should but prove any one that will keep thee out of the scuffle—" for she also had been aroused by the noise,—but what was her astonishment, when, placed in love and reverence on the bed of her late mistress, and supported by the athletic arms of her foster-son, she saw the apparently lifeless form of the Fair Maid of Perth. "Catherine Glover!" she said; "and, Holy Mother—a dying woman, as it would seem!"

"Not so, old woman," said her foster-son; "the dear heart throbs—the sweet breath comes and returns! Come thou, that may aid her more meetly than I—bring water—essences—whatever thy old skill can devise—Heaven did not place her in my arms to die, but to live for herself and me."

"With an activity which her age had little promised, Nurse Shoobred collected the means of restoring animation; for, like many women of the period, she un-

derstood what was to be done in such cases, nay, possessed a knowledge of treating wounds of an ordinary description, which the warlike propensities of her foster-son kept in pretty constant exercise.

"Come now," she said, "son Henry, unfold your arms from about my patient—though she is worth the pressing—and set thy arms at freedom to help me with what I want.—Nay, I will not insist on your quitting her hand, if you will beat the palm gently, as the fingers uncloset their clenched grasp."

"I beat her slight beautiful hand!" said Henry; "you were as well bid me beat a glass cup with a fore-hammer, as tap her fair palm with my horn-hard fingers. But the fingers do unfold, and we will find a better way than beating;" and he applied his lips to the pretty hand, whose motion indicated returning sensation. One or two deep sighs succeeded, and the Fair Maid of Perth opened her eyes, fixed them on her lover, as he knelt by the bedside, and again sunk back on the pillow. As she withdrew not her hand from her lover's hold or from his grasp, we must in charity believe that the return to consciousness was not so complete as to make her aware that he abused the advantage, by pressing it alternately to his lips and his bosom. At the same time we are compelled to own, that the blood was colouring in her cheek, and that her breathing was deep and regular, for a minute or two during this relapse.—Vol. ii. pp. 194—202.

In the mean time her father arrives, and pressing through the crowd which surrounds the door, makes his way into the house:

"Unrestrained by the considerations of doubt and hesitation which influenced others, he repaired to the parlour; and, having overheard the bustling of Dame Shoolbred, he took the privilege of intimacy to ascend to the bed-room, and, with the slight apology of—"I crave your pardon, good neighbour," he opened the door, and entered the apartment, where a singular and unexpected sight awaited him. At the sound of his voice, May Catherine experienced a revival much speedier than Dame Shoolbred's restorative had been able to produce; and the paleness of her complexion changed into a deep glow of the most lovely red. She pushed her lover from her with both her hands, which, until this minute, her want of consciousness, or her affection, awakened by the events of the morning, had well nigh abandoned to his caresses. Henry Smith, bashful as we know him, stumbled as he rose up; and none of the party were without a share of confusion, excepting Dame Shoolbred, who was glad to make some pretext to turn her back to the others, in order that she might enjoy a laugh at their expense, which she felt herself utterly unable to restrain, and in which the Glover, whose surprise, though great, was of short duration, and of a joyful character, sincerely joined.

"Now, by good St John," he said, "I thought I had seen a sight this morning that would cure me of laughter, at least till Lent was over; but this would make me curl my cheek, if I were dying. Why, here stands honest Henry Smith, who was lamented as dead, and told'd out for from every steeple in town, alive, merry, and, as seems from his ruddy complexion, as like to live as any man in Perth. And here is my precious daughter, that yesterday would speak of nothing but the wickedness of the wights that haunt profane sports, and protect glee-maidens—Ay, she who set St. Valentine and St. Cupid both at defiance,—bece she is, turned a glee-maiden herself, for what I can see! Truly, I am glad to see that you, my good Dame Shoolbred, who give way to no disorder, have been of this loving party."

"You do me wrong, my dearest father," said Catherine, as if about to weep. "I came here with far different expectations than you suppose. I only came because—because—"

"Because you expected to find a dead lover," said her father, "and you have found a living one, who can receive the tokens of your regard, and return them. Now, were it not a sin, I could find in my heart to thank Heaven, that thou hast been surprised at last into owning thyself a woman—Simon Glover is not worthy to have an absolute saint for his daughter.—Nay, look not so piteously, nor expect condolence from me! Only I will try not to look merry, if you will be pleased to stop your tears, or confess them to be tears of joy."

"If I were to die for such a confession," said poor Catherine, "I could not tell what to call them. Only believe, dear father, and let Henry believe, that I would never have come hither, unless—unless—"

"Unless you had thought that Henry could not come to you," said her father. "And now, shake

hands in peace and concord, and agree as Valentines should. Yesterday was Shrove-tide, Henry—We will hold that thou hast confessed thy follies, hast obtained absolution, and art relieved of all the guilt thou stoolest charged with."

"Nay, touching that, father Simon," said the Smith, "now that you are cool enough to hear me, I can swear on the Gospels, and I can call my nurse, Dame Shoolbred, to witness—"

"Nay, nay," said the Glover, "but wherefore rake up differences, which should all be forgotten?"

"Hark ye, Simon!—Simon Glover!" This was now echoed from beneath.

"True, son Smith," said the Glover seriously, "we have other work in hand. You and I must to the council instantly. Catharine shall remain here with Dame Shoolbred, who will take charge of her till we return; and then, as the town is in misrule, we two, Harry, will carry her home, and they will be bold men that cross us."

"Nay, my dear father," said Catherine, with a smile, "now you are taking Oliver Proudfoot's office. That doughty burgher is Henry's brother-at-arms."

Her father's countenance grew dark.

"You have spoke a stinging word, daughter; but you know not what has happened. Kiss him, Catherine, in token of forgiveness."

"Not so," said Catherine; "I have done him too much grace already. When he has seen the errant damsel safe home, it will be time enough to claim his reward."

"Meantime," said Henry, "I will claim, as your host, what you will not allow me on other terms."

He folded the fair maiden in his arms, and was permitted to take the salute which she had refused to bestow.—Vol. ii. pp. 208—213.

The following is a noble description of the funeral of Conachan's father, the Highland chieftain:

Simon Glover being thus left to his own painful reflections, nothing better remained, after having seen after the comforts of the dumb companion of his journey, than to follow the herdsman's advice; and, ascending towards the top of an eminence called Tom-an-Lonach, or the Kaoll of Yew Trees, after a walk of half an hour he reached the summit, and could look down on the broad expanse of the lake, of which the height commanded a noble view. A few aged and scattered yew trees, of great size, still vindicated for the beautiful green hill the name attached to it. But a far greater number had fallen a sacrifice to the general demand for bow-staves in that warlike age, the bow being a weapon much used by the mountaineers, though those which they employed, as well as their arrows, were, in shape and form, and especially in efficacy, far inferior to the archery of merry England. The dark and shattered individual yews which remained, were, like the veterans of a broken host, occupying, in disorder, some post of advantage, with the stern purpose of resisting to the last. Behind this eminence, but detached from it, arose a higher hill, partly covered with copse-wood, partly opening into glades of pasture, where the cattle strayed, finding a scanty sustenance among the spring-heads and marshy places, where the fresh grass began first to arise.

The opposite, or northern shore of the lake, presented a far more Alpine prospect than that upon which the Glover was stationed. Woods and thickets ran up the sides of the mountains, and disappeared among the sinuosities formed by the winding ravines which separated them from each other; but, far above these specimens of a tolerable natural soil, arose the swart and bare mountains themselves, in the dark grey desolation proper to the season.

Some were peaked, some broad-crested, some rocky and precipitous, others of a tamer outline; and the clan of Titans seemed to be commanded by their appropriate chieftains—the frowning mountain of Ben Lawers, and the still more lofty eminence of Ben Mohr, arising high above the rest, whose peaks retain a dazzling helmet of snow far into the summer season, and sometimes during the whole year. Yet the borders of this wild and sylvan region, where the mountains descended upon the lake, intimated, even at that early period, many traces of human habitation. Hamlets were seen, especially on the northern margin of the lake, half hid among the little glens that poured their tributary streams into Loch Tay, which, like many earthly things, made a fair show at a distance, but, when more closely approached, were disgusting and repulsive, from their squalid want of the conveniences which attend

even Indian wigwams. They were inhabited by a race who neither cultivated the earth, nor cared for the enjoyments which industry procures. The women, although otherwise treated with affection, and even delicacy of respect, discharged all the absolutely necessary domestic labour. The men, excepting some reluctant use of an ill-formed plough, or more frequently a spade, grudgingly gone through, and as a task infinitely beneath them, took no other employment than the charge of the herds of black cattle, in which their wealth consisted. At all other times, they hunted, fished, or raided, during the brief intervals of peace, by way of pastime; plundering with bolder license, and fighting with embittered animosity, in time of war, which, public or private, upon a broader or a more restricted scale, formed the proper business of their lives, and the only one which they esteemed worthy of them.

The magnificent bosom of the lake itself was a scene to gaze on with delight. Its noble breadth, with its termination in a full and beautiful run, was rendered yet more picturesque by one of those islets which are often happily situated in Scottish lakes. The ruin upon that isle, now almost shapeless, being overgrown with wood, rose, at the time we speak of, into the towers and pinnacles of a priory, where slumbered the remains of Sibilla, daughter of Henry I. of England, and consort of Alexander the First of Scotland. This holy place had been deemed of dignity sufficient to be the deposit of the remains of the Captain of the Clan Quhele, at least till times when the removal of the dagger, now so imminently pressing, should permit of his body being conveyed to a distinguished convent in the north, where he was destined ultimately to repose with all his ancestry.

A number of boats pushed off from various points of the near and more distant shore, many displaying sable banners, and others having their several pipers in the bow, who, from time to time, poured forth a few notes of a shrill, plaintive, and wailing character, and intimated to the Glover that the ceremony was about to take place. These sounds of lamentation were but the tuning, as it were, of the instruments, compared with the general wail which was speedily to be raised.

A distant sound was heard from far up the lake, even, as it seemed, from the remote and distant glens, out of which the Dochart and the Lochy pour their streams into Loch Tay. It was in a wild and inaccessible spot, where the Campbells, at a subsequent period, founded their strong fortress of Finlayrigg, that the redoubtable commander of the Clan Quhele drew his last breath; and, to give due pomp to his funeral, his corpse was now to be brought down the Loch to the island assigned for his temporary place of rest. The funeral fleet, led by the chieftain's barge, from which a huge black banner was displayed, had made more than two-thirds of its voyage, ere it was visible from the eminence on which Simon Glover stood to overlook the ceremony. The instant the distant wail of the coronach was heard proceeding from the attendants on the funeral barge, all the subordinate sounds of lamentation were hushed at once, as the raven ceases to croak and the hawk to whistle, whenever the scream of the eagle is heard. The boats, which had floated hither and thither upon the lake, like a flock of water-fowl dispersing themselves on its surface, now drew together, with an appearance of order, that the funeral flotilla might pass onward, and that they themselves might fall into their proper places. In the mean while, the piercing din of the war-pipes became louder and louder, and the cry from the numberless boats which followed that from which the black banner of the Chief was displayed, rose in wild unison up to the Tom-an-Lonach, from which the Glover viewed the spectacle. The galley which headed the procession, bore on its poop a species of scaffold, upon which, arrayed in white linen, and with the face bare, was displayed the corpse of the deceased chieftain. His son, and the nearest relatives, filled the vessel, while a great number of boats, of every description that could be assembled, either on Loch Tay itself, or brought by land-carriage from Loch Earn and otherwise, followed in the rear, some of them of very frail materials. There were even currachs, composed of ox-hides stretched over hoops of willow, in the manner of the ancient British; and some committed themselves to rafts formed for the occasion, from the readiest materials that occurred, and united in such a precarious manner as to render it probable, that, before the accomplishment of the voyage, some of the clansmen of the deceased might be sent to attend their chieftain in the world of spirits.

When the principal flotilla came in sight of the smaller group of boats collected towards the foot of the lake, and bearing off from the little island, they hailed

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each other with a shout so loud and general, and terminating in a cadence so wildly prolonged, that not only the deer fled from their caves for miles around, and sought the distant recesses of the mountains; but even the domestic cattle, accustomed to the voice of man, felt the wild panic which the human shout strikes into the wilder tribes, and like them fled from their pasture into morasses and dingles.

Summoned forth from their convents by those sounds, the monks who inhabited the little islet, began to issue from its lowly portal, with cross and banner, and as much of ecclesiastical state as they had the means of displaying; their bells, at the same time, of which the edifice possessed three, pealing the death-toll over the long lake, which came to the ears of the now silent multitude, mingled with the solemn chant of the Catholic church, raised by the monks in their procession. Various ceremonies were gone through, while the kindred of the deceased carried the body ashore, and, placing it on a bank long consecrated to the purpose, made the Deasil around the departed. When the corpse was uplifted to be borne into the church, another united yell burst from the assembled multitude, in which the deep shout of warriors, and the shrill wail of females, joined their notes with the tremulous voice of age, and the babbling cry of childhood. The coronach was again, and for the last time, shrieked, as the body was carried into the interior of the church, where only the nearest relatives of the deceased, and the most distinguished of the leaders of the clan were permitted to enter. The last yell of woe was so terribly loud, and answered by so many hundred echoes, that the citizen of Perth instinctively raised his hands to his ears, to shut out, or deaden, at least, a sound so piercing.—Vol. iii. pp. 77—86.

THE GOLD-HEADED CANE.

The Gold-Headed Cane. Second Edition. Murray. London, 1828.

The reputed author of the present volume, (Dr. Macmichael,) appears to have taken considerable pains to embody, in a work of fiction, much historical information founded on facts. The following notice by the Editor will account for its appearance:

'A short time* before the opening of the New College of Physicians, Mrs. Baillie presented to that learned body a gold-headed cane, which had been successively carried by Doctors Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and her own lamented husband. The arms of these celebrated physicians are engraved on the head of the cane, and they form the vignettes of the five chapters into which the present volume is divided.'

The following extract from the last chapter of the work, relating to the last possessor of the gold-headed cane, Dr. Matthew Baillie, will be perused with interest, even by unprofessional readers:

'When I (the Gold-headed Cane) passed from the hands of Dr. Pitcairn into the possession of Dr. Baillie, I ceased to be considered any longer as a necessary appendage of the profession; and, consequently, the opportunities I enjoyed of seeing the world, or even of knowing much about the state of physic, were very greatly abridged and but of rare occurrence.

'Once only was I introduced into a large party. It was on a Sunday evening, when I was taken to one of the scientific meetings, held at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, in Soho-square. How different from the gay conversations in Ormond-street, in the spacious library of Dr. Mead, filled with splendid books, and ornamented with antiques of the most costly description. On entering the house of Sir Joseph, I was whirled up a sort of back staircase, and introduced into two gloomy apartments, in the further corner of the first of which sat the President of the Royal Society, wearing the red ribband of the Order of the Bath, in a gouty chair. Here I was passed from one to the other, and considered rather as a curious relic, than regarded, as I was wont to be, as the support and ornament of the Faculty. My only consolation arose, as I was handed about, from the observation, which it was impossible not to make, that among the philosophers present there was a great proportion of medical men, who examined me, as may be supposed with more than ordinary interest. Among others, I did not escape the keen and scrutinising eye of a physician who then

held the office of Secretary to the Royal Society, who early relinquished the practice of his profession for other pursuits, but whose name is identified with the history of modern chemistry, and will live as long as science shall be cultivated.

'From what has been stated of the condition to which I was now reduced, it will be inferred, that it was chiefly from the position which I occupied in the corner of the room in which Dr. Baillie received his patients at home, that I became at all acquainted with what was going on in medicine.

'My present was the very reverse, in almost every particular, of my early master, Dr. Radcliffe. In person, Dr. Baillie was considerably below the middle size, with a countenance rather plain than prepossessing, a Scotch dialect, and blunt manners. Than his first address, nothing could be less imposing; and yet, before he had been in company with you for five minutes, he would have convinced you that he was one of the most sensible, clear-headed physicians you had ever listened to.

'From his habit of public lecturing, he had acquired two great advantages; first, a minute and accurate knowledge of the structure of the human body, and, second, the most perfect distinctness and excellent arrangement, in what may be called the art of statement. For this latter quality he was very remarkable; and, even when he was compelled to relinquish lecturing, (by which he had acquired it,) in consequence of the growing extent of his practice, it continued to be of daily advantage to him. In examining a patient for the purpose of learning the symptoms of the complaint, the questions he put were so few as to give an impression of haste and carelessness; in conversing on the case with the physicians whom he met, in consultation, he was very short and clear; and it was not until the relations or friends of the patient were admitted, and he proceeded to communicate to them the result of the consultation, that he appeared to full advantage. He then gave a short practical lecture, not merely on the symptoms of the patient, but on the disease generally, in which all that was known on the subject was brought to bear on the individual case; and, in doing this, his utterance was so deliberate, that it was easy to follow him. His explanations were so concise, that they always excited attention, and never tired; and the simplicity of the language in which they were conveyed, where all technical terms were studiously avoided, rendered them perfectly intelligible.

'During his latter years, when he had retired from all but consultation practice, and had ample time to attend to each individual case, he was very deliberate, tolerant, and willing to listen to whatever was said to him by the patient; but, when in the hurry of great business, when his day's work, as he used to say, amounted to seven-teen hours, he was sometimes rather irritable, and betrayed a want of temper in hearing the tiresome details of an unimportant story. After listening, with torture, to a prolix account from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going to the Opera that evening, he had happily escaped from the room, when he was required to step up stairs again. It was to ask him whether, on her return from the Opera, she might eat some oysters. "Yes, Ma'am," said Baillie, "shells and all."

The present edition is much enlarged, and, in addition to the former biographical sketches, it now contains the lives of Dr. Linacre,* Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. William Pitcairn, Dr. Warren, Dr. Heberden, and Sir George Baker. It is embellished with portraits of the eminent characters who are described, and is well worth the perusal of the professional as well as the general reader.

SCOTT ON DISEASES OF THE JOINTS.

Surgical Observations on the Treatment of Chronic Inflammation in various structures, particularly as exemplified in the Diseases of the Joints. By John Scott, Surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Infirmary, and Assistant Surgeon to the London Hospital. 8vo. Pp. 291. Longman and Co. 1828.

WHEN we consider the great success that has attended the practice of Mr. Scott of Bromley, in diseases of the joints, we can only feel surprised that he should have kept his method of treatment a secret; more especially as he could not be unacquainted with the number of his fellow-creatures, who constantly fill the wards of our hospitals, in the hopes of obtaining relief, if not a cure, of the lingering diseases under which they labour. It is, therefore, with pleasure that

we perceive the son stepping forward on liberal principles, and imparting information to his professional brethren, on a subject particularly interesting to the welfare of the community at large.

'The object of this work,' observes our author, 'is to communicate that mode of treatment which my father, Mr. Scott of Bromley, has, for many years, employed in diseases of the joints, with complete success, in a vast number of cases, in which the methods ordinarily employed had proved ineffectual. It is now many years since I learnt it from him. I have seen its efficacy verified in numerous cases; first, under the care of my father, and since under my own; and I feel it to be too important to be confined to an individual.'

This is the intention of our author; and we can only express our wish, that the medical director (a Mr. Whitlaw) of an institution founded under royal patronage (we believe) at Bayswater, which is said to be very successful in the cure of *scrofula*, considering the many thousands in Great Britain who are afflicted and daily fall victims to this disease, will copy his example. We consider it not only a species of *quackery*, but *cruel*, to keep those remedies a *secret*, which would benefit a suffering community.

We insert this, as a hint to the subscribers to that institution, to imitate the noble example set them by Mr. Scott, and to compel Mr. Whitlaw and his colleagues to throw open their practice to the medical profession generally, and to let all those suffering under this malady stand a chance of obtaining a release, by those means said to be successful in the hands of the individuals already mentioned, and which, doubtless, would be similar in the hands of their contemporaries.

In conclusion, we beg to observe, that Mr. Scott, jun., deserves the thanks of a liberal public, and we most cordially recommend a perusal of his interesting volume to our professional readers.

The History of London, &c. By Thomas Allen. 8vo. 8s. 6d. each vol. Cowie and Strange. London, 1828.

Mr. Allen has laboured very successfully in his researches into the antiquities of the Metropolis, and his work is valuable for the curious as well as useful information it contains. He has commenced his narrative with the earliest records, and continued it through the reigns of the different monarchs to modern times, noting every thing that can be amusing to the general reader, or useful for the more inquisitive inquirer. The publication is altogether one of great merit, and is well calculated to become one of popular reference.

The Wards of London; comprising an Historical and Topographical Description of every Object of importance within the boundaries of the City, &c., &c. By Henry Thomas. 8vo. J. Gifford. Numbers 1—12. 1828.

THE present Numbers form a part of very brief but interesting history of London, being arranged alphabetically, so that the account of each Ward is complete in itself, and can be purchased separately. It exhibits much historical research, and the wood-engravings are excellent.

Principles of Self-Knowledge. By the late Stephen Drew, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Jamaica. Longman and Co. 2 vols. 8vo. Price 20s. London, 1828.

THIS publication originated in the author's observation of the course taken by Mr. Carlile in the defence he set up on his late trial. Mr. Drew conceived his pen might be usefully employed in meeting Mr. Carlile on his own ground, and replying to the theological part of his defence. The work which was the consequence of this idea, is now before us, and deserves praise of the highest kind, both for the piety and learning displayed in its pages. Mr. Drew died, we lament to say, before its publication; but the Editor has done it justice by his attention to its correctness and appearance.

The College Album, a Selection of Original Papers, edited by Students in the University of Glasgow. pp. 216. Smith. Glasgow.

WE had occasion, on the appearance of a little volume similar to the one before us, to express our approbation of the good taste which the Scotch Students were evincing in their lucubrations. In looking over the present collection of their essays, we have found no reason to pass a different opinion. They show a good feeling and literary ingenuity; and the College Album, we predict, contains papers that will be one day valued as the juvenile productions of well known authors.

* According to the commencement of chap. i. p. 1, it was deposited a day before the opening of the New College of Physicians, namely, June 24, 1825.

* The founder of the Royal College of Physicians.

ENGRAVINGS.

Views of the West Fronts of Fourteen English Cathedrals, with the Plans and Arms of each. Arranged by J. Britton, F.S.A., &c. Priestley and Weale. London, 1828.

WITHIN the compass of a single folio plate of about 20 inches by 14, Mr. Britton has brought, with great taste and effect, a collection of the most striking architectural beauties that our country can produce. The scale is sufficiently large to admit of a perfect elevation, and even to allow the introduction of the picturesque; while the space allotted for the plans and arms being taken from portions of the plate that could not be well occupied by the views, does not at all intrude on the general effect, though seeming to give great additional interest to the whole. It is, in short, as pleasing an addition to the portfolio of the artist or amateur as any collector could make.

The Bride, engraved by David Lucas, after a Painting by J. J. Masquerier. Brooker, Southampton-row, London, 1828.

THE intention of this Picture is to represent the extreme of contented happiness and joyous satisfaction, resulting from the complete fulfilment of human wishes:

'Her's is the sunshine of the breast.'

And both the painter and engraver have succeeded in accomplishing that end. In the figure, there is a union of grace and repose, which is quite in harmony with the situation of the lady portrayed, and the face is full of benignity and sweetness, yet totally exempt from any but the most chaste expression of delight. The fine disposition of the lights and shadows add greatly to the general effect, and the whole is well worthy of general approbation.

Venus and Hebe. Engraved by J. Thomson, after Drawings by T. Harper. Brooker. London, 1828.

NOTWITHSTANDING the thousand-and-one representations of these beautiful mythological personages, which have appeared in all countries and in all ages, there appears to us to be something new in the manner of treating them here, and that is saying a great deal in their favour. The Venus, with her lower half obscured in a cloud, has, in the upper portion of her form, as much youth and loveliness as can be desired, and a voluptuousness of expression in the face that sufficiently betokens the predominant sentiment, without the index of the cooing doves, which she holds by a silken cord, in amorous captivity. The Hebe, though still represented as the cup-bearer of Jove, and feeding the immortal Eagle, is also new in form and expression; and, both taken together, form as interesting a pair of prints as we have for some time seen. It should be added, that the engraving, which is in the stepped manner, is of the very highest excellence in that style, and so finely wrought as to fall little short of the best line-engraving in the bolder parts, while it possesses a softness that line-engraving cannot reach in the more delicate portions of the fleshy surface.

Salvator Mundi, from the Original, by Carlo Dolci. Engraved by H. R. Cook, and printed in Gold, by J. G. C. and Co. Published by J. W. Cook, 37, London Road. London, 1828.

THE act of rendering the surface of paper as hard, as smooth, and as finely polished, as that of the most beautiful porcelain, and then of printing it in gold, instead of ink or colours, is one of recent introduction, and was first used in some of the most popular Annuals, for titles and dedication-pages. It is here appropriated to a more elevated class of art, as well as of subject, and, we must say, successfully so appropriated. The original we should conceive to be among the very first rank of human productions. The copy is quite worthy of the original; and it would be difficult to conceive a form, a face, and an expression of greater beauty and benignity combined, than this exquisite Engraving presents; while all the subordinate parts of the picture are in the chastest style, and most accurate keeping.

The Guardian Angel, designed and executed by D. Morrison, Modeller to the Royal Family. Published by Thomas Flint, 28, Burlington Arcade. London, 1828.

THIS is an extremely beautiful medallion, of a circular form, about four inches in circumference, with the subject in a bold alto-relievo, sufficient to give the details with all the fineness of sculpture, and yet preserve the character of a medallion. The figures represented are a lovely and innocent female, attended by its

guardian angel; and, both for beauty of form and delicacy of expression, they are unexceptionably perfect. Being framed in a style to harmonise with miniatures, or enamel paintings, we do not know of a more appropriate ornament to any collection of this description.

NEW MUSIC.

No. 1. of the Musical Album, for the Piano Forte and Flute (ad libitum); containing the Fairy Rondo, composed by J. B. Cramer. Published by the Author. 3s. 6d.

THIS very pleasing production has also the following title prefixed to it:—*Lord Mornington's favourite Glee, 'Here in cool grove,' arranged and dedicated to his much esteemed friend, Miss Stephens, by J. B. Cramer.* These descriptions may be quite sufficient recommendation to the work, without any additional compliment on our part. The whole is not difficult of performance, and is truly English, whether we take the well known and admired theme, or the Rondo worked from it; in keeping with this, Cramer generally employs the words 'slow,' 'lightly,' and 'in a lively manner,' to indicate the time and character of the different movements, instead of the Italian phrases usually employed for the purpose; so that we almost wondered at meeting afterwards with the words 'simplice,' 'scherzando,' &c. The air chosen is of the very description suited to Cramer's taste, and he has illustrated and adorned it most successfully.

'The Tyrolean Peasant's Song,' arranged by Joseph Hart; the words written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk. Mayhew. 2s.

A VERY graceful 'andante con espressione innocente,' and one of the prettiest Tyrolean melodies. The same air was exceedingly popular as far back as the year 1826! when it was introduced in a piece called 'The Sleeping Beauty,' written by the Hon. Lumley St. George Skeffington, and sung as a duet to the words commencing 'Our sweet dancing days,' by Mrs. Mount, and Miss De Camp (now Mrs. C. Kemble.) The present revival is well adapted to the words, is easy to be sung, and has over its title a pleasing lithographic vignette.

Rossini's celebrated Quintetto, 'Oh! guardate che accidente,' arranged as a Concertante Duett, for Harp and Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute. Composed for, and inscribed to, Miss Grant and Miss Isabella Grant, by N. B. Challoner. Cramer and Co. 6s.

THIS very delightful composition of Rossini's, which was so excellently performed by De Begnis and his wife when they first appeared in this country, and which always commands admiration on account of its singular playfulness, melody, and taste, is excellently fitted for the purpose of a Duett for Harp and Piano Forte; and with, or without the addition of the Flute. The adaptation now offered is peculiarly interesting. The arrangement is well fitted for the respective instruments, and the work exceedingly well engraved and 'brought out.'

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with Embellishments, for the Flute. Dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 2.) Cocks and Co. 3s.

IN our last review, we experienced pleasure in recommending the first number of this very desirable, cheap, and pleasing work; and now fulfil our promise of giving a notice of the pieces offered in the second book, which is equally worthy of patronage with the first. No. 1. 'With verdure clad;' Hayden's beautiful song in the Creation, arranged by Dressler. 2. An Allegro Scherzando, by Berbiguier, (a very playful, characteristic piece.) 3. 'The Blue Bonnets over the Border,' very tastefully embellished by the editor. 4. A German Air, in F, 6-8, with four variations, also by Dressler. 5. 'O Dolce Concerto,' with six shewy variations, by Berbiguier. 6. 'Il più bergere,' varied by Farrenc. 7. 'Cease your Funning,' with four variations, by Dressler. 8. A pleasing Melody, varied by Tulon, and presented as performed by himself. A note informs us, that, to the last piece, 'An Accompaniment for the Piano,' may be had for 1s. 6d.

Duetto, 'My Ornaments are Arms!' A Martial Air; the Words taken from Boring's Romances of Spain; the Music by a Lady. Ewer and Johanning. 1s.

VERY short, very bombastic, and deserving of very little description; it requires a singer that can reach the note A on the ledger-line above the stave, and, therefore, we apprehend but few can attempt the task successfully.

Folly and Feeling; a Ballad. Written by F. Thralby. Composed by Josiah Ferdinand Reiddie. Dale. 1s. 6d.

A PRETTY song, and easy of performance; (the highest note where it ought to be, for the generality of vocal performers, especially amateurs, viz.—F on the fifth line.) The theme commences so immediately similar to 'Robin Adair,' as to destroy its claim to originality; but it is still a very pleasing ballad.

POETRY.

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is fled.
When the lute is broken
Sweet sounds are remembered not;
When the words are spoken
Loved accents are soon forgot.

THROUGH the clouds the lightnings glide,
The arrow through the air;
Ships cut through the ocean tide,
Yet not a trace is there.

When the sun is set and gone,
The blush of day is o'er;
And when beauty's song is done,
The strain is heard no more.
But the heart doth not forget—
Time may come and go;
And there are things in memory yet,
Like living spirits glow.

The vivid joys of youthful days—
The happy school-boy spot—
The room, the time, his songs and plays,
No, never are forgot.

The parting look, the endearing word
Of her, the best loved one—
Still, still is seen, and still is heard,
Though she for aye be gone.

The brightest visions of our youth,
When all things yet were new,
Of friendship, love, and endless truth,
Our ardent fancy drew;
The blighted hope, the vain regret,
The grief, the tear, the sigh;
Oh! that I could all forget—
Oh! would that these could die.

MAN'S FIRST LOVE.

HE opened his eyes at first upon a land
That was surcharged with beauty—in the air,
And on the earth, all fragrant was and fair;
While with a sweet sound o'er the golden sand
Gush'd forth the living founts of Paradise;
And there were forms of blameless loveliness
Floating in light around him, who did less
With the fond languor of their glancing eyes
His joy-bewilder'd spirit. Upon one
He turn'd his gaze, and passion's headlong power
Came like a tempest o'er him—'neath the sun,
He valued nothing, save her beauty's dower,
And this was bliss!—o'ercharg'd though this may
seem,
Many have known the madness of such dream.

THE CORONAL.

(Translated from a Sonnet written, in Modern Greek, by the late Ugo Foscolo, and Addressed by him to Lady Byron.)
Fae from my native Heaven, a wreath I wove
Of mingled odour, and of various hue
Smiling and sad—my own heart's emblem true—
The violet pale—the rose that blooms for love.
The delicate hyacinth, and myrtle green,
Embracing the soft lily's virgin sheen.
And, oh! still dearer, from Hesperian bower,
The laurel shadowing each subject flower,
My Heliodora! thou wilt haply wear
This votive coronal I wreathe for thee,
To twine the tresses of thy golden hair,
Thy sunbright locks, proudly and gracefully,
Bright as thy polished brow, and perfumed as thy sigh.

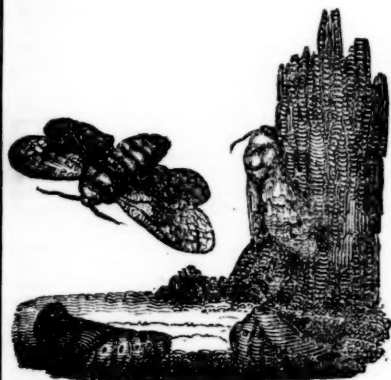
CARLO PACE,

A youth of thirteen years of age, has just appeared as an Improvisatore at Naples, and has astonished who have listened to him by his remarkable performances. He was presented to the King and Queen when his Majesty gave him as subjects of dissertation 'The Sacrifice of Abraham,' 'The Meeting of Æneas and Anchises in the Elysian Fields,' and 'Coriolanus the Gates of Rome.' He treated each theme with admirable skill, eloquence, and taste, and concluded with extemporaneous and happy compliments to the Royal family. He was handsomely rewarded by their Majesties, who have further assured him the means of improving, if it be possible, the wonderful talents he possesses.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Appollo's lute.'
Milton's Paradise Regained.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.



1. ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Singular Movements of the Goat Moth.—In a recent number of 'The Verulam,' was given an engraving, with some remarkable details, respecting the caterpillar of the Goat Moth (*Cossus ligniperda*). We have here shown the form of the pupa, into which the caterpillar has just been transformed, previous to its acquiring wings,—a transformation which usually takes place in the holes which it has eaten in the wood of the trees where it is found. The pupa, besides, is not only, in such cases, confined to the narrow hole in the tree, but is enclosed in a strong web of grey silk, somewhat like the cocoon of the silk-worm, (*Bombyx mori*.) Intermixed with bits of wood, and lined with a white silky substance like satin. Now, as the moth, which is of a large size, could never get out of this silky envelope, and much less from the narrow hole in the tree, it becomes a curious problem how its escape can be effected. On examining the figure of the pupa, above given, it may be observed, that there are not only several sharp points on the head, but also circular bands of points in form of a saw. With the latter, the pupa pushes itself forward in the cocoon, while, with the former, it cuts a passage through the silk. By means of the numerous efforts necessary for this purpose, it also moves forward the cocoon to the external entrance of the hole, as is seen above. As soon as enough of the pupa is projected to permit the escape of the moth, it instantly stops its movements, for another jerk might bring it to the ground and destroy it. In this position it remains, till the enclosed moth presses up the lid of the pupa, and frees itself from its imprisonment.

By searching old willow or poplar trees during the next three or four weeks, the curious may verify our facts for themselves,—as the insect is not uncommon in such situations. Their holes, which are large enough to admit the little finger, will be the best indication of their presence.

2. ENTOMOLOGY.

Method of Killing Insects for Collectors.—It is mentioned in the 'Bulletin Universel,' that M. Ricord kills his specimens of insects for the cabinet, by confining them in an atmosphere of ether. The chief objection to this is, that a collector cannot always have an air-tight apparatus ready for this purpose. The method which we have found most efficient and expeditious, is to enclose the insect in a chip or paper box, and hold it for a second or two near the fire. The heat instantly kills even those insects which are most tenacious of life. We never found that it injured the most delicate colours; but if continued too long, the wings and other parts will shrivel.

Showers of Blood explained.—The miraculous stories, to be found in old writers, of showers of blood, have been popularly explained, in modern times, by referring them to the excrements of insects. This vague explanation we shall render more precise, by mentioning, that the only instance known to us which bears upon the point, is, when any of the butterflies or moths, which have made markings on their wings, emerge from their pupæ. The newly-escaped insect crawls up the nearest plant or wall, to unfold and dry its still crumpled and damp

wings; and, before it attempts to fly, ejects a quantity of red fluid from the anus, similar to the meconium of new-born infants.

The insects which we have frequently observed to eject red fluids, are the peacock butterfly (*Vanessa Io*), the great and small tortoise-shell (*V. polychlorus* and *V. urtica*), the painted lady (*V. cardui*), the red admirable (*V. atalanta*), and the tiger moth (*Phalæna Cæja*). We are not aware that insects eject any red fluid after this period, or when they have begun to fly.

3.—CONCHOLOGY.

British Pearls.—We intended, in an early page, to give some remarkable facts relative to the formation of pearls. In the meantime, we have met with the following curious notices of British pearls in our antiquarian reading:

'In the rivers,' says the venerable Bede, (*Hist. Eccles. I., i.*) 'many sorts of shell-fish are taken, particularly mussels, in which are often found excellent pearls of all colours, that is, reddish, pale, violet, and green, but most white. There is also great store of shell-fish, of which the scarlet dye is made, the fine colour of which never fades with the heat of the sun, nor the washing of rain; but the older it is, the more beautiful it usually becomes.' Suetonius and Pliny (*Hist. Nat., ix. 35*) say, 'that the search for pearls was one of the reasons for Cæsar's expedition to Britain; and that he gave a breast-plate, covered with British pearls, to Venus Genetrix, which was hung up in her temple at Rome. Pliny says, that those British pearls were small and ill-coloured; in which opinion Tacitus agrees, calling them dusky and purplish, (*subfusca ac liventia*). Origen, again, seems to agree with the description of Bede. Not very many years ago, a patent was granted to fish for pearls in the river Jut, in Cumberland. (See GIBSON in CAMDEN'S *Britannia*.)

4. ICHTHYOLOGY.

Malthus's Principle of Population among Fishes.—On looking over, the other day, the splendid volumes of 'Donovan on British Fishes,' we were struck by the singular illustration afforded by the following facts of the much-contested doctrines of Malthus. After a dreadful carnage between the Turks and Austrians, on the banks of the Danube, barbel (*Cyprinus barbus*) were found in such numbers, and of so vast a size, as to have become matter of record. The circumstance was attributed to the supply of human flesh, for which barbels are said to manifest a partiality. The barbel is in shape somewhat like a trout, of a very light lead-grey all over, and with four barbels, like a rock-cod.

A similar fact is recorded of the hake, (*Gadus Merluccius*), which increased prodigiously after the engagement between the French and English, off Belle Isle, in 1759.

We may reasonably infer from this, that, if the fish in our ponds and rivers were well supplied with beef, mutton, or even horse-flesh, they would increase both in size and in number. Whether their flavour would be improved is very questionable.

Hibernation of Fishes.—Two very celebrated French Naturalists, MM. Bloch and La Cepede, are of opinion that such fish as the mackerel, herring, &c., never leave their respective seas, as is commonly believed, but merely quit the vicinity of the shores at the approach of winter, and lie amongst the mud, at the bottom of the deep water, till revived by the warmth of the ensuing spring.

We think this opinion is not much better founded—(notwithstanding the authority of such celebrated names)—than the notion of the winter submergence of swallows in pools and ponds, which was believed in by no less a man than Klein, the rival of Linnæus.

5. ORNITHOLOGY.

Anecdotes of the Cow-Bird.—Except the common cuckoo, (*Cuculus canorus*), no other bird besides the American cow-bird, (*Emberiza pecoris*), is known to lay eggs in strange nests. Mr. Wilson, the talented author of the American Ornithology, first suspected the cow-bird, by finding a solitary strange egg in various nests of small birds, and by seeing young cow-birds following these foster-parents for food. At length he detected a female cow-bird in the very act of laying an egg in the nest of a red-eyed fly-catcher (*Sylvia Olivacea*), and afterwards he found a young cow-bird actually fed by a Maryland yellow-throat (*Sylvia Marylandica*). Besides these, he found, as nurses, the blue-bird, (*Sylvia sialis*), the chipping sparrow, (*Fringilla socialis*), the golden-crowned thrush, (*Turdus Auro-capilla*), the indigo-bird, (*Tanagra astiva*), the blue fly-catcher, (*Muscicapa cerulea*), and the chanting fly-catcher, (*Muscicapa cantatrix*), all of them less in size than the cow-bird. It is worthy of remark, that some of these build

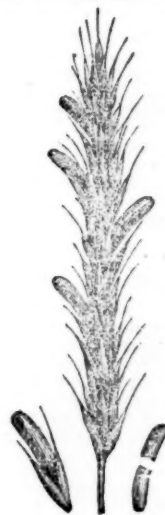
in the ground, some in bushes, some on trees and in hollows of trees, and some have pensile nests. The cow-bird's egg also is hatched a day or two sooner than the other eggs, which are, in consequence, deserted, and become addle, and are removed nobody knows whither. The cow-bird never drops more than one egg in the same nest. The cow-birds do not appear to pair like other birds, who build nests, but live in a sort of promiscuous concubinage.

Rare British Birds.—The greater part of what are called rare birds may be considered rather as having accidentally straggled into this country, than as being natives. The cream-coloured swiftfoot, (*Cursorius isabellinus*), was shot in Charnwood Forest, in October last. This is only the fourth or fifth specimen which has been found in Europe. The olive gallinule, (*Gallinula Baillonii*), was shot at Spondon, in Derbyshire, in November 1821. The fork-tailed petrel, (*Procellaria Leachii*), was shot in November 1823, both on the Essex coast and in Derbyshire. The spur-winged goose, (*Anas Gambensis*) was shot in Cornwall, in June 1821. The blue-breasted warbler, (*Sylvia Suecica*), was taken on Newcastle Town-moor, in May 1826.—G. T. Fox, Durham.

6. MAZOLOGY.

Anecdote of Instinct in the Ass.—The following is given by the Rev. Mr. Kirby, on the authority of Lieut. Alderson, of the Royal Engineers. An ass, the property of Captain Dundas, R. N., was shipped at Gibraltar, on board the *Ister* frigate, for Malta. The vessel having struck on a sand-bank, off the Point de Gat, at some distance from the shore, the ass was thrown overboard, to give it a chance of swimming to land—a very poor one, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days afterwards, however, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the ass presented himself for admittance, and proceeded to the stable which he had formerly occupied, to the no small surprise of his quondam landlord, Mr. Weeks, who imagined that, by some mistake, the ass had never been put on board the *Ister*. On the return of the vessel to repair, the mystery was explained. The ass had not only swam safely to shore, but, without guide, compass, or travelling-map, had found his way from Point de Gat to Gibraltar, a distance of more than 200 miles, through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, which he had never traversed before; and, what is most wonderful, in so short a period, that he could not have made one false turn. His not having been stopped on the road, was attributed to the circumstance of his having been formerly used to whip criminals upon, the peasants having a superstitious horror of such asses, which are always known by certain holes made in their ears for the purpose.

II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.



1. BOTANY.

Ergot of Rye.—A brochure, by Dr. Adam Neale, of Guildford-street, has just been published on the nature and virtues of the spur or ergot of rye, with an accurate figure, of which we have here given a copy. On the grain of rye, particularly when exposed to moisture, there grows a vegetable substance of an

oblong shape and dusky purplish hue, of whose nature a number of conflicting opinions have been published. The view of the celebrated botanist, De Candolle, appears to us to be the most plausible, namely, that the ergot is a sort of parasite fungus of the genus *sclerotium*. In a certain stage of its growth, M. Léveillé discovered that another fungus, which he names *Spha-celaria segetum*, forms on the ergot.

The ergot, when accidentally mixed with rye, is apt to produce deleterious effects in countries where it is used for food, and particularly a sort of gangrene or mortification. When used medicinally in small doses, it has been found to have powerful effects in hastening delivery in the case of tedious labours, and to be both more safe and speedy than instrumental interference. This has been extensively proved in America, and more recently in France, Germany, and England. But here we cannot enter into the minutiae of this highly-important subject—though this is the less necessary when those who are interested in it, will find very full, clear, and satisfactory details in Dr. Neale's able publication, to which we may confidently refer as a work of genuine science.

Age of Trees.—In cold climates, the age of trees may be known by counting the circles which appear upon making a transverse section. In warm climates, this cannot be done, for there the tree is *always* growing, and is not, as in cold countries, interrupted in its vegetation by the cold of winter. We may even, indeed, distinguish hard winters, by the appearance of the circular layers, which are also generally found to be thicker on the south than on the north side. Linnæus counted no less than 300 layers in a common oak, (*Quercus robur*.) In the fir, (*Pinus sylvestris*), 400 have been counted. If the tradition is to be believed that the Scots patriot, Wallace, planted at Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, the oak which bears his name, it ought to exhibit more than 500 layers; but we think it extremely doubtful whether any trees were planted in Scotland during so turbulent a period. In old trees, there are often hollows which prevent the counting of the layers.

2. VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

Floating Seeds.—The beautiful contrivance of winged seeds, and of those which are furnished with down, is matter of common observation; but the mechanism of the seeds *tillandsia*, is much more remarkable. The *tillandsia* is a parasite plant, growing on trees as the mistletoe does. The seeds of this singular plant shoot out long threads which float about till caught by some branch suited to their re-vegetation.

Cedars of Lebanon.—M. de La Roque, an intelligent French traveller, informs us, that the celebrated cedars of Lebanon, as soon as the winter snows begin to fall, change their irregular diffusion of branches into a regular uniform pyramidal cone. When the spring returns and the snows melt, they again spread their branches out into summer diffusion.

2.—MINERALOGY.

Analysis of the water of St. Ronan's Well.—Dr. Thomson, the celebrated professor of chemistry at Glasgow, has begun an admirable series of papers in 'The Glasgow Medical Journal,' on the Mineral waters of Scotland. We select, as a specimen, the analysis of the two springs of Inverleithen, the St. Ronan's Well of Sir Walter Scott's novel. The analysis is by Dr. Fyfe, of Edinburgh, of the contents of an imperial gallon:

Strongest Spring.		Weakest Spring.	
	Grains.		Grains.
Common Salt	150.712	Common Salt	101.787
Muriate of Lime	91.320	Muriate of Lime	45.612
Carbonate of Magnesia	49.107	Carbonate of Magnesia	25.447
	291.139		172.846

Dr. Thompson suspects, that from the quantity of carbonate of magnesia detected in that analysis, it will prove to be an acidulous water of which there has hitherto been no known example in Britain. He also supposes that there must be about 55.2 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas in the first spring, and 28.6 cubic inches in the second, besides what exists in the carbonate of magnesia.

New Minerals.—Professor Breithaupt has given a description of three new minerals in Schweigger's 'Journal der Chemie.' 1. KARPHSIDERITE, named from its straw-yellow colour, is similar to oxalite and iron sinter. It occurs in Greenland in kidney-shaped masses, with a resinous lustre, and shining in the streak. 2. MESITINE-SPUR occurs in small rhombohedral crystals, in the rhombohedral quartz of Traversella, in Piedmont. It has a vitreous lustre, a greyish or yellowish colour, and is transparent and translucent. 3. TAUOLITE is found in Rein-Prussia, in the volcanic

felspar rocks in the vicinity of Lake Laach Lea. The crystals are prismatic, of a velvet black colour, and vitreous lustre.

We are sorry to see these descriptions mystified with the absurd algebraic signs of Professor Mohs, which we have not consulted our readers by copying; and we are not ashamed to confess that we cannot translate them.

3. GEOLOGY.

Temperature of the Earth.—It is a fact universally known, that the water of springs seldom freezes, even in our hardest winters, unless it be removed from the spring, when it will freeze as readily as rain or river water. This can only be explained by the fact, that the interior of the earth is of a higher temperature than the surface. M. Cordier, of the 'Jardin des Plantes,' at Paris, has lately made inquiries and experiments on this subject, from which he concludes:

1. That there is an interior heat in the earth not caused by the sun's rays, which increases rapidly with the depth.

2. That the increase of this heat is not uniform, but may be twice or thrice as much in one country as in another.

He is also of opinion that an intense heat exists in the interior of the earth, which, as he supposes, consists of a molten mass of matter, covered with a hard crust, from 50 to 100 miles in thickness. He assumes, besides, that the whole globe was at first molten, and is now going on cooling and extending the thickness of this hard crust, by throwing off its heat into the regions of free space; that the earth, in fact, is a *cooled star*.

We think M. Cordier's facts useful, though many of them are not novel; but we look upon his molten mass to be pure romance.

Traces of Ancient Currents.—In the interior chains of Mount Jura, and in other mountainous districts, the vestiges of ancient currents of great volume and force may often be distinctly traced. In the deep valley, for example, in which the town of Ornans is situated, there is an extensive and deep channel parallel to the horizon, and other excavations, which it is impossible to refer to any other cause than the action of running water. The little brook of the Lône, which runs through it, could never have hollowed out so wide and deep a channel. The same remark will apply to the route between Belfort and Porentrui, and to the passage of Pierrepertuis.

4.—ACOUSTICS.

Motions of Sand on Metallic Plates, and Agitated Membranes.—Chladni, of Berlin, is well known to have performed a series of curious experiments, by observing the arrangement of sand on metallic plates made to vibrate. M. Savart, of Paris, and M. Weber, of Halle, have repeated these experiments, and extended them to membranes, &c. Weber, for example, took a wooden square frame, which measured, in the hollow, six Paris inches in length and breadth. Upon this he glued a sheet of wet wove letter-paper, free from wire-marks, thin places, or other defects, and over this he glued small laths, so that it was equally stretched, and its edge every where moveable. Paper thus prepared will sound when the frame is pushed, or when any one blows gently on it. Sand was strewn upon this paper, held horizontally, and a small disk of glass, or the bell of a watch, was held over it near the edge, and made to sound by means of a violin bow. The sand immediately began to move, and collected in the lines described by M. Savart, and in which numerous figures have been published.—Schweigger's *Jahrbuch*, xx. 176.

5.—METEOROLOGY.

North-east Winds.—The direction of north-east winds may arise from two causes. In one case, they may arise from a current of air flowing from due north, (in which quarter much air seems to be produced,) but having an apparent direction from the east, because it has not yet acquired in its journey the increasing velocity of the surface of the earth. Such winds, therefore, became analogous to the trade-winds between the tropics; and, during the vernal months, frequently continue for four or six weeks together, with a high barometer and fair weather, generally cold, and even frosty, at least at night or at sun-rise, which is always the coldest part of the twenty-four hours.

In other cases, north-east winds consist of south-west currents of air, which had passed by us or over us, but had been driven back by a new accumulation of air in the north. When north-east winds arise from this cause, they seldom continue more than a day or two, and are generally attended with rain.

Method of dissipating Storms.—It is not uncommon at sea, when danger is threatened from a water-spout

to fire a broadside at the mass. In the Maçonnerie, France, they sometimes make use of a similar expedient, to dissipate destructive storms of hail or rain, by exploding gunpowder. This experiment was tried at Varenard, by the Marquis de Chevières, a retired naval officer, who had got the hint at sea, by observing the effect which discharges of ordnance produced upon the atmosphere. It was found so beneficial, that for several years an annual appropriation of 1,600lbs. of gunpowder was made for the purpose.

6.—OPTICS.

Coloured Shadows.—When a shadow is projected by the light of the sun, and illuminated with the light of a candle, it assumes a pale yellow colour; but when ray of solar light is thrown upon a shadow projected by the light of a candle, it is tinged with a beautiful blue. When shadows are much compounded, the colours are uncommonly various and brilliant. Sometimes they exhibit that sweet violet tinge which is diffused over the distant valleys and snowy mountains of the Alps at sunset. The phenomena may be plausibly explained by the principles of ocular spectra.

Test of Microscopes.—To procure a good microscope it is necessary to test it in order to ascertain its power both of magnifying and of distinctness,—a method first proposed by Dr. Goring. The tests best adapted for proving the magnifying or penetrating power of a microscope, are the scales or minute feathers from the wings of butterflies and moths, such as those of the *Papilio Menelaus*, and the white cabbage butterfly (*Pontia brassica*). A still more delicate test are the lines on the scales taken from the diamond beetle (*Curlculio imperialis*), which require a very good instrument to develop them. The most delicate tests, however, yet discovered, are the hexagonal lines on the scales from a species of *Podura*, which are barely discernible by the very best instruments. One of the best tests of the distinctness or defining powers of a microscope, are the markings on the hair of the bat, or the lozenges in the fabric of the leaves of mosses belonging to the genus *Hypnum*.

7.—ASTRONOMY.

Return of Comets.—Were the astronomical doctrine of comets correct, we should be no less certain of its return of any particular comet, than of the revolution of any particular planet. The orbits of comets are mathematically calculated, and their returns are confidently predicted; yet the fact is certain, that out of about 500 comets recorded to have appeared, not more than two or three are supposed to have returned regularly; say, *supposed*, for, even when a comet has appeared nearly at the time astronomically foretold, it has not been satisfactorily proved, in any case, to be the identical comet expected. Professor Encke, indeed, has determined the orbit of what he designates a comet which returns in three years, and has already been seen twice, if not three times; but we are inclined to suspect, that Encke's comet has more affinity to the planets Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and Vesta, than to the comets hitherto observed.

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

1.—AGRICULTURE.

Utility of Moles.—In our attempts to improve the nature, we frequently defeat our own purposes. Farmers are extremely anxious to get rid of moles, whose hillocks, it must be confessed, destroy the smooth level of grass and corn fields, when they are very abundant; but it has been found, in some farms by experience, that when moles are extirpated, war increase so prodigiously, that the moles have been wished for again, as the least evil of the twin.

2.—GARDENING.

Slugs.—The most destructive and insidious pest the garden, during the tender growth of seedlings, the small greyish white slug, or shell-less snail. It is often so small and inconspicuous, that it cannot be discovered, and as it feeds like its congeners, by nibbling valuable seedlings disappear as if by magic. We have found it an almost infallible trap for these depredators to make small thimble-holes, about an inch in depth near the plants attacked; into these holes the slugs certain to retreat during the day, where they may be destroyed, by sprinkling a little quick-lime into the holes.

3.—MEDICINE.

Narrow Lanes and dirty Streets free from Malaria. We perceive that Dr. James Johnson has mentioned in the last number of his 'Medico-Chirurgical Review' the very curious fact, that malaria is more readily propagated along spacious terraces, than through the dense population of crowded streets and dirty lanes such as the Judaicum, at Rome; Saffron-hill,

...s, or Peticot-lane, in London, &c. Dr. Mac-
aloch accounts for this, by supposing malaria to be
chemical compound, decomposable by fire and smoke.
This, however, will not account for the singular and
analogous fact, that the rich and comfortable
rarely recover from epidemic fevers than the
starved poor,—a fact, well ascertained in Ireland,
Lancaster, &c., during the prevalence of typhus.

Nicholson's School of Architecture and Engineering.—
We should not have required the high authority of the
name of Mr. Peter Nicholson to perceive the utility of
this valuable publication on architectural science and
construction. To the planner, the draughtsman, the
master-builder, and the workman, it must be equally
valuable. The three first Numbers of the work are
now on our table, beautifully printed, and illustrated
with numerous copper-plate engravings, besides an ex-
cellent portrait of the author. The subjects are, the
method of projecting a hemispheric dome; new mode
of squaring hand-rails; way to construct geometrical
stairs; tables of circular and elliptic arcs; and the
elements of orthographical projection. The latter, in
particular, strikes us as being a subject of paramount
interest to builders and architects, and it is here laid
out with all the clearness and precision which distin-
guish the celebrated author. We have no doubt of the
success of so useful a work.

FINE ARTS.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF THE METROPOLIS.

The King's Palace, Pimlico.

'La causa principalissima che produce la decadenza, o
l'oblio il progresso delle arti, e delle scienze, è l'ignoranza
che le produce. Nell' architettura concorre un altro poten-
tissimo motivo—l'ignoranza di chi le fa professore. Non bas-
ta che intelligenti architetti: è necessario ancora che chi
l'impugna, intenda bastamente, anche egli l'architettura.'
'Come può soccorrere buoni architetti e buoni disegni chi dell'
architettura è all'oscuro? Sarà un caso l'urtare in bene,
ma deformati di meno si vedrebbero nelle fabbriche, se chi
le ordina fosse intendente di architettura! E quanto lagnanze
si risparmierebbero agli architetti! I quali spesso debbono porre
quanto i buoni principi, per secondare le bizzarrie dei padroni
ignoranti?'

'The principal reason of the decline of the arts and sciences,
and the chief impediment to their advancement, is, without
doubt, the ignorance of those who profess them. In architec-
ture, however, another very powerful cause contributes to
the same effects—the ignorance of those who employ its
services. It is not sufficient that we have able architects;
we must also, should be conversant with the art. For how
could he choose good architects, and good designs, who him-
self has no knowledge of architecture? Should he adopt what
he meets by stumbling on it by chance. How many
monuments the less should we have to complain of in our
cities, if the persons who cause them to be erected under-
stood architecture! And how much blame would in such a
case be spared to our architects, who are often obliged to sin
against sound principles to humour the vagaries of ignorant
patrons?'

In what degree, and in what manner, these reflections
of a celebrated Italian critic on the arts, find an
illustration in the new palace, into which Buckingham
House has been converted, or is in progress of con-
version, and which we propose to make the subject of
the present notice—what portion of them attaches of
necessity to the unhappy architect, at whose door the
faults of this condemned edifice are so undeservedly (!)
laid—what parts will apply to the members, most
able, noble, honourable, or simple, of the superintend-
ing Committee—what to any one connoisseur or
manner in the arts, exercising a fatal influence in
matters of taste; or to any yet more exalted and munifi-
cent patron—what share, in short, of the faults
universally perceived and condemned, in the altera-
tions of Buckingham House, are to be ascribed to
the ignorance of the professor—and what to the
want of taste in architecture of those who em-
ploy such professor,—it is not our purpose here
to inquire. We have no intention even of further de-
veloping our text, or of following up the reflections
which it suggests. We set it forth simply as convey-
ing an admirable general lesson, as containing hints
to be pondered with profit by more than one class of
influential persons, and as affording most natural ex-
planations of the origin of the many architectural abor-
tuses, in the erection and demolition of which,
the public money, (and not, as it would seem, from
the discoveries of a certain Committee, the public
money only,) has been, and is at this moment, so
wastefully wasted, and of which the Royal construc-
tion at Pimlico is so striking an instance. Rather
than run the risk of diminishing the force of the quo-
tation we have made, by any comments of our own,
we prefer leaving to our readers the satisfaction of
exercising their sagacity, in drawing from it their own
inferences, and in applying its different charges to the

proper quarters, according to their insight into the
mysterious circumstances of which this monstrous ex-
ample of courtly and national taste is the offspring.

In this instance, therefore, although the case is not
an ordinary one, and the question of responsibility
is more than usually important, not less on account
of the very gross errors in taste, which the building
displays, than of the wanton abuse of the public re-
sources which have been committed in its construction,
we waive, as on other occasions, all inquiry on the
point of accountability, and confine ourselves to that
of the merits of the production before us. On the
task, even thus restricted, we enter reluctantly; we
would gladly avoid it altogether; for, to use harsh
terms, and to call names, is foreign to our taste; and
the building on which we undertake to comment,
scarcely admits of being treated in any other manner,
being of that class of works which, from the obvious
and absurd nature of their defects, defy serious and de-
tailed criticism. Having, however, intimated our in-
tention of comprising the alterations of Buckingham
Palace in our reviews of the Buildings of the Metro-
polis, we cannot reconcile ourselves to pass to the con-
sideration of other edifices, without first disposing of
this.

We are as ready, as the most indulgent and enthu-
siastic, to pardon, even to relish, the eccentricities of
genius, to overlook extravagancies, conceits, inaccura-
cies of detail, inconveniences of all kinds, absurdities
themselves, when the whole combination pre-
sents a magnificent general effect; where, whatever
cause we may see to deprecate the faultiness of the means,
we are forced to exclaim, How sublime the result!
Vanburgh, whose mind was cast in a mould too
imaginative and poetical to allow him to descend to at-
tention to detail, produced Blenheim; and where is to
be found the petty critic who would or could be guilty
of descending on the particular errors of that glorious
building? Only among that heartless crew, who
would condemn the works of Shakspeare for a play on
words, and the sublime productions of Salvator Rosa
for a tint too strong for nature. But, for the Palace at
Pimlico, no consideration on the score of the general
effect can be claimed: there the *ensemble* is as ineffec-
tive as the details are faulty; and the errors in the lat-
ter are so numerous and so obvious, and partake so
much more of the artlessness of the builder than of the
art of the architect, that they scarcely deserve to be
treated as appertaining to the class of the fine arts.
To comment on them minutely, therefore, is not worth
the time and space it would require.

The tribunal of ridicule is the only one suited for
the cognizance of such absurdities, and to that test
they would be universally subjected, but that the loss
of an opportunity so noble, of producing a work
which might have done honour to the national spirit
and taste, is too vexatious to admit of pleasantry, and
that all who have a spark of patriotic pride feel more
disposed to indignation than to merriment at this
ostentatious and costly scandal. Never before was so
vast a pile composed of such littleness of parts; never
yet was there traced by the hand of art such an extent
of unpicturesque outline; never has there been imagined
such a jumble of bodies and members of buildings, or-
ders, and materials,—such an assemblage of inharmonious
combinations,—such an union of poverty of design
with elaborate decoration,—such a juxtaposition of in-
congruities,—so repugnant an admixture of lightness
and severity, of florid Corinthian with stern iron Doric.
The whole is a heap of general deformity, with one
only consistency, which is—that every part is petty,
and the whole is petty. We award it, therefore, the
praise—the only praise it can possibly claim—of afford-
ing a happy illustration of the shrewd remark of our
intelligent Sir Joshua, that, 'however contradictory
it may be in geometry, it is true in taste, that many
little things will not make a great one.'

And that blessed *bomb-proof* dome, with ribs of
lath and coat of compositum, curving over the apex of
the pediment!! Did it ever before enter the head of a
Goth, whether modern or ancient, to conceive so bar-
barous, so unsightly an object—a distortion so vile
and so void of purpose? To what end can it serve,
but to suggest to a Landseer or a Cruikshank, or
some second Hogarth, a fit subject for a pendant to
the well-known caricature of the steeple in Langham-
place, (on the point of which an admirable resemblance
of our architect is poised sprawling aloft,) by setting on
this cupulous excrescence, the presumed architect,
squatting en Mandarin, moustached à la Tartare.

Nor would such a figure, if really executed and so placed,
be out of keeping with the wretched statues stuck about
the pediment and on the acroteria, as ornaments to

this royal and magnificent edifice, and fully harmonising
with its character, while they remind us of 'The
Groves of Blarney.'

'There's statues *gracien*
This naubie plac'in
All Hatten goddesses so fair,
Bawd Nept'unc, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing *naukid* in the open air.'

Other works of Mr. Nash, and for this we have, on
a former occasion, given him full credit, display much
invention, ingenuity, and admirable hardihood in the
general arrangement; but the new distribution of
Buckingham House is a total failure in this respect
also. The plan, as it existed before the demolition of
the bonnet-boxes, as the corps of building lately taken
down have been very appropriately denominated, ap-
pears to have been suggested by the view of the Horse
Guards on the Whitehall side; while the style of de-
coration, so far from being original, is a sorry imita-
tion of the Louvre, and an imitation so vile and
so degenerate, that it serves only to heighten the dis-
grace of this *capo d'opera* of our national architecture,
by calling to mind the unrivalled façade of the Lutetian
physician.

The works in the interior of this palace are not suf-
ficiently advanced to justify the pronouncing an op-
inion. The decorations, it may, however, be stated,
will be most costly: no regard has been had to the
expense in rendering the whole as magnificent as pos-
sible. The hall will be adorned with lines of columns
of real marble, and with a chimney-piece of such rich
workmanship, that the cost of the labour alone will be
as near to two, as to one, thousand pounds. The ciel-
ings are all most elaborately decorated; but the same
corrupt taste which is observable in the outside of this
barbarous erection, prevails still more extravagantly in
the interior.*

When we reflect on the sums of money that have
been irresponsibly squandered in raising this monument
of our shame, can we help invoking the famous law of
Ephesus, which rendered the estate and chattels of the
architect liable to so much of the expense of a building
as exceeded the estimate, and a fourth beyond it?
'Oh, ye immortal gods! that such a law were in force'
in BRITAIN!

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE crowd constantly collected on one side of the
room attracts immediate attention, on entering the
'School of Painting,' to the *Attempt to illustrate the
Opening of the Sixth Seal*, No. 340. F. Danby, A.,—a
picture sublimely imagined and powerfully executed.
The general convulsion of mundane nature is admirably
conceived; the rocks are rent and rending, the burning
lava issues from the earth's entrails, its flames ascend
and mingle with the gloom of the 'heavens departing as a
scroll when it is rolled together,' and columns and towers
and cities are tottering to their fall; while groups of mor-
tals, dead and dying, and desperate, share the universal
doom. The treatment is bold and grand, and the effect
is consequently great. The subject, however, is too
difficult; and the attempt to illustrate it only affords
another proof, that poetry has many fights in which
painting should not pretend to follow her; and that the
senses, through which painting addresses herself to
the fancy, cannot reach the heights to which imagina-
tion unrestrained will often soar with the vaguest sug-
gestion. *The Merchant of Venice; Scene, Belmont, in
the Garden of Portia's House; Lorenzo and Jessica*,—
234, F. Danby, A., with the motto,

'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!'

is another very effective picture by the same artist, but
somewhat too ambitious of effect.

The Veil of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia,
243, G. S. Newton, is a very interesting picture, cleverly
composed, and well painted. The mother's struggle
between pride and tenderness, is admirably expressed,
not only in her face and features, but throughout the
whole figure; not more in the stiffness and erectness
of carriage, than in the clenching of the hand on the
knee. The patient and benevolent Dr. Primrose, of
Goldsmith, is finely characterised in the figure and head
of the father: the affectionate sister, kneeling by her
mother's side, and anxiously interceding, is a picture of
amiable loveliness; while Olivia, abandoned to shame,

* We understand that there is to be in front of this palace
a triumphal arch, to be composed of marble of various kinds
and colour, and to be decorated with sculpture designed by
the immortal Flaxman. We trust, but doubt, that the arch
will be worthy of the ornaments designed for it. If it act as
a screen and a veil to the building behind it, it will not be
profitless.

sorrow, and penitence, neglected in her attire, and with face averted, and concealed on her father's shoulder, while her hand is most expressively held by his, forms, with the figure of the indulgent parent, a group replete with delightful expression. The hobbard-de-hoy simplicity of Moses, and the pouting and vague consciousness of the younger urchins, must not be overlooked; they are also most happy. The whole picture, in short, is full of truth, sentiment, and feeling.

Of the paintings executed in Rome, by J. Severn, *Cordelia watching by the bed of Lear*, 239.; *The Roman Beggar*, 270.; and *A Roman Peasant Girl praying*, 326.; the last is the best. The form and head, and eye, and hair, are beautiful beyond telling; and the painting is glowing and mellow; but the flesh is in too unvaried a brown, and suggests a caution to our Anglo-Roman artists, while they abandon the crudeness and whiteness so prevalent in England, to be careful to adopt the true style of the models, which it is the object of their travels to study. In the two first-mentioned pictures, the figures are formal, lengthy, flat, and mannered, and the colouring wants brilliancy and harmonious blending.

View of Rome from the Barberini Gardens, 246.; and *A Tour in Switzerland*, 347, P. Williams; are both clever pieces. The former is the more highly finished, and is injured by its too precise definition; the other is simple, clear and natural, free from all forcing and false effect.

Henry the Third of France, surrounded by his Monkeys and Parrots, receiving Don John of Austria, 248, R. P. Bonington, is a very clever and skilful picture, somewhat deficient in force, as it appears in its present situation, which is very unfavourable.

In *Boccaccio, relating the tale of the Birdcage*, No. 262, J. M. W. Turner, R. A., has gone beyond himself and all others; we do not mean to say he has excelled himself or them; but that this is the *ne plus ultra* of yellow, and gaudiness, and of corrupt art; and having attained the climax, we trust the *English Claude* will begin to descend and take up his sojourn, for the rest of his life, just below the point where the region of extravagance commences.

While before it, we cannot help again noticing the *Portrait of Sir Asley Cooper*, No. 263, by the President, to observe with how much better effect the head comes forth than that of Lady Agar Ellis opposite, which, with all its elegance and feeling, has a crudeness which strikes forcibly on turning to it, from its pendant over the way.

Portrait of Mrs. Warren Hastings Anderson, 277, J. Partridge. We have seen this portrait elsewhere, to much more effect, for it is here badly placed; it is cleverly painted, and full of characteristic expression.

There are pictures in this room, and in the ante-room, which excite a very natural curiosity to know what description of works are rejected from this exhibition.

From the quantity of canvass, and space in the exhibition room, allotted to No. 298, R. Ward, R.A., we should conclude it to represent a Consul or an hereditary Senator at least. *L'amour du Cheval* is more within bounds, and is a very spirited and effective performance.

THE VISION OF JOSEPH.—A PAINTING BY MR. LANE.

A more favourable situation having been obtained for this picture, the public exhibition of it commenced on Monday, in a room attached to the King's Mews. It is now much better, although still imperfectly lighted. The whole of the painting is discernible, which was not the case in the situation in which it was last week exposed to view; and it has the further advantage of receiving the light from the proper direction. We see no reason to retract the opinion we have already expressed of Mr. Lane's performance. It is an effort with which we know nothing in English art that can be put in comparison. The general effect of it is grand, imposing, and impressive. The greatness of its dimensions, the number of the figures, the force of the colouring, the prominence of the principal group, excite interest and admiration. It displays much and effectual study of the ancient masters. The heads of the Virgin and child are after the manner of Correggio, and have the delightful and graceful repose of the heads of that master. In the upper part of the picture, may be traced further signs of the school of Parma, of Correggio, and Parmegiano. The right-hand corner is after the Venetian manner, (rather, however, in the style of the disciples of Titian than of that great master

himself,) intermingled with a feeling of the Bolognese school, and the manner of Domenichino.

We have said enough to show that this is an extraordinary production, and a work of very great merit. It is, at the same time, an eccentric picture, and its eccentricities (and what eccentricities are otherwise?) are very open to cavil. On the point of invention, Mr. Lane anticipates criticism, and not without reason. Joseph, and Maria, and the infant Jesus, are reposing together on a couch: an irradiated angel, surrounded by a choir, chanting hosannahs, appears above, and announces to Joseph the danger that awaits the sacred infant, and warns him to flee into Gallilee. For the purpose of more effectually explaining the danger, the cause of the Divine interposition, the right-hand corner of the picture is occupied with the commencement of the massacre of the innocents: the ruffianly instruments of Herod's cruelty are tearing the children from the arms of distracted mothers, and are about to begin the slaughter: but they are momentarily prevented by a general panic, and are palsied by the appearance of the celestial messenger; for not only is the angel visible to them as well as to Joseph, but the trouble and astonishment of the reputed father of the infant Saviour is also perceived by them. Hence arises the first objection to the treatment of this subject,—the want of the unities in time and action. Mr. Lane, in his printed description, justifies himself on the authority of Raphael; but it is rejoined, first, that the twofold subject of the Transfiguration has never yet been made one of the grounds for commending that work; and that, in the study of the ancient masters, they are to be followed in what they are excellent, and not in what they are faulty; secondly, that, although the Transfiguration transgresses the unity of action, and (in that instance, the peculiarity of the miracle and of the story removes the subject beyond the common pale, and suggests for it excuses which are wanting in others,) it does not sin against that of time; that the unsuccessful attempts of the disciples to rid the child of the evil spirit, during the absence of the Saviour on the Mount, was simultaneous with the Transfiguration itself. Mr. Lane, therefore, even supposing Raphael's authority to be conclusive, is not borne out by his master's example.

It is further objected, that the placing the virgin and child on the same couch with Joseph, lowers the subject, and debases the attributes and character of the mother of the second person of the Trinity. By the Court of Rome, as we are told by Mr. Lane himself, this manner of treating the subject was considered irreverent and derogatory to the dignity of the Virgin, in such a degree, as to render the picture unsuitable for public exhibition. That it should have been so regarded, will not surprise those who reflect on the sacred light in which the Virgin is viewed as the mother of God by Catholicism; * but without pronouncing on the reasonableness or philosophy of the apostolical authorities, we think the objection holds in point of taste in art, and that the composition of the picture, in this respect, has a leaning to the bathos.

The mass in the right-hand corner of the picture is active and bustling, and, by being so, gives great effect to the repose and quiet of the principal figures; but it is too confused. And here Mr. Lane has shown an injudicious predilection for those masters who set an example which led to the corruption and decline of the arts, while he has neglected the lessons to be drawn from the works of those of a more simple and purer taste. In this part of the picture, the figure overthrown is grand and masterly, and is powerfully coloured. It is, however, too much out of proportion for the rest of the picture. The female child near, with one hand indicating the fallen giant, while the other is uplifted in expression of admiration of the celestial interposition, is a delightfully sweet and simple figure. The head of the horse is fine and spirited; but whence his legs come, and where they are going, must be guessed. The figure of Saint Joseph is on a grand and large scale; the head bespeaking somewhat the style of Fra Bartolomeo di San Marco, but inferior in expression of vigour and intellect to the heads of St. Marc of the Florentine Friar. Were the sprawling figures in the upper part of the picture, some floating with face

* As for the gossip about the horns on St. Joseph's head we wish Mr. Lane had not repeated it in his description of the picture; for the tale, after all, tells as much against himself, as against the dreaded Inquisition; and even those who are most disposed to believe in the absurd bigotry of the 'Pope and the Cardinals,' will think that there must have been something very remarkable in the folds of the pillow, to be mistaken for horns, by persons habituated from their infancy, as are the lowest of the Romans, to the contemplation of works of art.

upwards, others with face downwards, by the manner of Correggio himself, we could not commend them.

Another objection to which this picture subjects the artist, is, that instead of imbuing his mind with the excellences of the masters he has, certainly not imitatively, studied, and producing a work, the effort of mind and taste so formed, he seems to have signed different parts of his pictures to the manner of the imitation, of the respective masters; in one part, we are reminded of Correggio, in another of Parmegiano; a figure here bespeaks the study of Domenichino; the wildness and confusion and mental colouring there, displays an admiration of Michelangelo; in one shoulder and attitude, we have a manner of Raphael, but without his breadth of colour; the drawing of that divine master is not discoverable. Defects arise, we presume, from the circumstance in which the picture was painted, and the length of its execution required; and from the fact, that Mr. Lane's taste and experience, and study of the masters, was progressing while he was engaged in this great work, which, if it betray not those symptoms of genius which throw a veil over the greatest eccentricities, is a very meritorious attempt, and displays extraordinary talent and power.

Mr. Lane, we understand, did not confine his attention, while in Rome, to the study of colouring in fresco. He devoted much labour to the investigation of the mode of fresco painting followed by the most renowned of the old masters; and has now, on the voyage to England, a specimen of his success in that pursuit. The skill of our artists in water-colours leads to the conviction, that the art of painting in fresco might be introduced with effect into England. We should rejoice to see it flourishing here.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre—Thursday.

On Thursday evening, Rossini's *Opera Seria* 'Otello,' was performed for the benefit of Madame Pasta. The attractive novelty of this lady herself sustaining the part of Desdemona, added to the universal admiration of Madame Pasta's unrivalled talents, and desire, on the part of all who ever witnessed her splendid performances, to pay their homage on this peculiar and peculiar occasion, drew crowds to all the doors of the Theatre, long before the hour of opening them; every part of the house was filled to its utmost limit long before the curtain rose.

Of the merits or defects of this opera, either as a dramatic or a musical composition, it is not our present purpose to speak, except briefly to say, that though deficient in the progressively increasing interest, gradual development, and eloquently powerful delineations of Shakespeare's tragedy, it has, for of most skilfully arranged and touching details of sentiment; and, though greatly inferior, in the style of its music, to many of Mozart's operas, and most of Rossini's own, it has yet portions of most affecting pathos, and some of tremendous power; which produce the stronger effect, when contrasted with the meagre and inexpressive overture, least effective piece of instrumental music, perhaps that Rossini ever composed.

Madame Pasta's entrance was greeted, as she deserved it should be, and as it became an audience of intelligent minds and cultivated tastes to receive the first dramatic character of the age. She looked before a single accent escaped from her lips, her complexion was of that fine and fervid red which, without being in the slightest degree relaxing to the fairest people, indicates the wearer have been born beneath a torrid sun, and to take, in all his nature, of his fiery influences. His dress was as strictly Moorish as it was possible to make it; and we have seen, in the streets of Cairo among the Moorish Mamelukes of Egypt, of whom there are many from Tripoli and Algiers, young handsome horsemen in the suite of the Bays, in whom Madame Pasta might have been supposed to have copied, not merely her garments, but the mode of displaying them to advantage. The strict accuracy of complexion and costume, however (though worthy of mention, in contrast to the general violation of both, by other persons and in other places,) becomes quite insignificant, compared with the splendid vocal powers, and, if it were possible, still more transcendent histrionic skill, with which she supported the character of *Otello* throughout. We have no hesitation in saying, that no ha-

could be crowned with more complete success. Without having witnessed this, could possibly think that an opera could be made capable of giving, as it were, the very hearts of the audience,—the most intense interest in the fate of the characters of whom the tragedy was composed, and not obliterating the admiration of the performers, and the deepest and most overpowering sympathy for the sorrows and sufferings of the characters represented. Never, indeed, did we witness so complete and entire a possession, by dramatic illusion, of the feelings of an operatic audience; and we are sure, that neither Kean nor Miss O'Neil, nay, Garrick nor Mrs. Siddons, ever rivetted the attention, or moved the hearts, of their admiring beholders more powerfully than did Madame Pasta on this occasion. Her appearance, as we have said before, truly Moorish; her attitudes, such as a sculptor might make the study of his life, for their dignity and her fiery, impassioned agitation, that of a bosom torn by the whirlwind of love and jealousy; her altercations, tender, tremulous, and eloquently terrible; those of one who had all the powers of a man at her command, and could wield the whole range of human passions at will. Of such a performance to be so particular in detail, would be to recapitulate the whole of the opera. We must not pass over, however, the following very striking portions:

1. 'Vincemmo o Padri,' in the opening scene before the Palace of St. Mark's, at Venice; 2. 'Che feci?' the first scene of the second act, in the garden of Desdemona's house; 3. 'E a tanto giunger pote,' in the scene of the same act; and 4. The whole of the scene in Desdemona's chamber, from the entry of Desdemona alone, to the final and dreadful catastrophe. In the whole of Madame Pasta's solo parts. In the scene with Desdemona and Iago, we may mention, as the most striking: 5. 'L'ingrata! Aimè che mi tradisti!' in the fourth scene of the first act; 6. 'Veni, o morir,' and 'Ma non tremenda e fiera!' in the fifth scene of the first act; and 7. 'Tra tante smanie,'—the whole of which were exquisitely

would be unjust to say that Mademoiselle Pasta's Desdemona was most interestingly and effectively sustained. The gentleness of feminine affection, and the alternations of timid apprehension and daring innocence, were beautifully marked. She gave such a Desdemona as any Moor might be supposed to give, with the intensest passion, and of the slightest moment of whose affections he might be jealous, even madness. Her support, in the more tragical part of the story, towards the end of the Opera, was greater than most persons imagined her to be capable of affording; and her sorrowful abandonment and dreadful death were each as affecting as language, music, and action could make them.

Together, we doubt whether so splendid a performance as this was ever witnessed on these or any other stage. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that it is not only a rare privilege, but a rare sight, to witness such a performance. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that it is not only a rare privilege, but a rare sight, to witness such a performance. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that it is not only a rare privilege, but a rare sight, to witness such a performance.

a singular proof of the different opinion of critics, cannot resist the inclination to transcribe the whole report given of this extraordinary performance, in the last Number of 'The Literary Gazette.' It is as follows:

Thursday night, Pasta's benefit took place, and an overflowing audience contributed to swell her receipts. Pasta appeared together in *Otello* and *Desdemona*, and evidently performing out of their accustomed walks. In *Otello*, she was the one usually assigned to Corio; in *Desdemona*, could not have been placed in a part less suited to her line of talent. NOTWITHSTANDING the performance went off well; and, indeed, the mere presence of the two *prime donne* together, being "a sight," enough to fill the house.

It is possible that the writer of this paragraph could not have been present at the performance? Or, if so, that this report to be attributed, want of knowledge, or want of taste?—or both? We are glad to find that 'The Literary Gazette' stands alone in its attempt to do justice to the performance. It is one of the most sublime and dramatic character ever witnessed on the boards. Even 'The John Bull,' never remarkable for its courtesy to females of any rank, says of this performance, 'Pasta's benefit on Thursday at the Theatre, was a complete overflow. Sontag, as Desdemona, was perfect. Pasta was equally successful in her part. The audience were in raptures, the ladies were in ecstasies, and such applauses were never before heard.'

'The Times' of Monday says, 'Never were Kean's happiest efforts productive of more complete success than was obtained by Madame Pasta in *Otello*. Every word, every look, every gesture, were so many specimens of the most perfect dramatic action. Madame Pasta's *Medea* and *Desdemona* had raised her reputation as a tragedian of her own sex, to a height which could not be surpassed. Her genius had combined a versatility of musical and dramatic power in so equal a manner, that it was hardly possible to say to which her title to pre-eminence was more particularly applicable. The most extraordinary feature in the history of her theatrical life, is now her complete success in the principal male character of one of the best tragic subjects that were ever brought upon the stage. We do not recollect to have been present at any theatrical exhibition wherein the attention of the audience was so intensely rivetted on the business of the stage as at this memorable performance.' This is what 'The Literary Gazette' characterises as being a misplacing of the characters, NOTWITHSTANDING which, it went off well! Verily, the writer must be one of that race of whom it is said, 'They have eyes, but they do not see; ears have they also, but they hear not; we cannot add, 'they have souls, but do not feel;' for the person who could witness, and then write thus of such a performance, must be destitute of that faculty of perception and sensibility which we usually characterise by this name.

Since writing the above, we find that Mademoiselle Sontag, who had fixed on 'Tancredi' for her benefit, has changed her intention, and resolved on a repetition of 'Otello,' which all those who have not seen are so desirous of witnessing, and all those who have seen, are so eager to enjoy over again. This is the strongest proof that could possibly be given of the effect produced by its first representation. We would certainly advise the Opera Critic of 'The Literary Gazette' to attend by deputy on this occasion, and not trust to himself the task of judging whether this shall also 'go off very well,' notwithstanding the unsuitableness of the characters to those who undertook the task of representing them.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Argyll Rooms.

THE sixth Concert, on Monday, was as successful as any of the previous performances, and composed of similar materials. Loder, from Bath, was the leader for the evening, and he displayed all his usual coolness, precision, and propriety. Neate conducted with his accustomed urbanity and ability.

The Concert commenced with Beethoven's 7th sinfonia in A, (op. 92,) and which is more eccentric than pleasing; although exhibiting very considerable genius, it is of extreme difficulty, particularly for the wind-instruments, and the performers exerted themselves to the utmost to do it justice. 'Beethoven never played the flute,' said Nicholson; 'Nor the oboe either,' said his neighbour, at the end of the very fatiguing finale, 'Allegro con Brio,' which movement concludes with forty bars, marked *es*, and is of unaccountable length, without one redeeming bar of melody to give the ear rest from the unceasing clamour and exertion; but the preceding allegretto (which is undoubtedly a fine piece of composition) was received with rapturous applause, and, to the credit of the dilettanti, encored.

No. 2.—Duetto, Madame Stockhausen and Signor de Begnis, 'Se, un istante,' from Mercadante's 'Eliza e Claudio.' Madame Stockhausen made her first appearance at these Concerts, with complete and deserved success; and the duetto was very pleasing and well performed. The 2d movement (in A, 3-8th time) reminded the auditors, in a remarkable manner, of the Tyrolean air, (of Vauxhall celebrity,) adapted to the duett, 'Polly Hopkins!'

No. 3.—Fantasia, piano-forte, Mr. Neate, by C. M. von Weber. This is an elaborate and classical composition, with voluminous and obligate accompaniments for the wind-instruments, making it a sort of concertante; and Neate's undertaking to perform it, evinced a sort of musical patriotism, greatly to be admired; for the same exertion, talent, and practice, necessary to conquer its difficulty, applied to ANY other piece extant, would have met with success, and probably have produced more striking effect as a concerto. Poor Weber's ideas were generally of a gloomy, obscure, and sombre cast, and but seldom enlivened by sweetness of character, although his little romantic gleams of melody shone out perhaps the brighter in consequence. The Fantasia is composed of the following variety of movements: 1, Larghetto ma non troppo,

in F minor; 2, Allegro passionato; 3, an Adagio of five bars, with a sorrowful and complaining bassoon solo, introducing No. 4, a Marcia, in C major, of a military character, with clarionets, horns, &c.; obbligato, 5, the concluding Presto assai in F, (6-8th time,) which was galloped through with as much rapidity as possible, the Pianiste being forced to the utmost speed, which velocity, perhaps, constituted the chief and most striking merits. The movement, however, was gay and pantomimical, and created a sensation of surprise; each listener appearing as it were breathless, in endeavouring to follow the agile performer.

No. 4.—Aria, Miss Childe, 'Ah! Me forse,' by Pacini and Bonifacii. This song, which is of a very pleasing character, was introduced by Madame Pasta in this country, successfully, has been since sung by Caradori, and now seems established as a favourite. Miss Childe received deserved applause for her performance; she sang very clearly and well in tune up to the note C, on the 2d ledger-line above the staff, but failed a little in a rapid and difficult passage near the conclusion of the scena. The unison solos for flute, clarionet, and bassoon, are of a very agreeable and soothing character; and the horn solo, performed by Schunke, (who plays the principal horn alternately with Platt at these Concerts,) was admired, the whole being well effected.

No. 5 concluded the first Act, with Spohr's beautiful dramatic overture to 'Jessonda.' The first movement in E flat minor, is so exceedingly chromatic, (being in so unusual a key,) that it becomes almost impossible that the wind-instruments should 'go in tune together' in the various unison passages; and the romantic eccentricity of changing the time alternately from 3-2 to 3-4, increases the difficulty, and makes it appear that the movement is compiled from some peculiar themes in the opera it precedes. The subsequent vivace is singularly striking, and exhibits Spohr's peculiar sentiment, elegance, and learned harmonies.

The second Act commenced with Mozart's magnificent sinfonia, in G minor, a most perfect specimen of all that is beautiful in instrumental music, and which was (as usual) excellently performed and justly appreciated.

No. 7.—Scena, Madame Stockhausen, 'Ladibato luogo,' from 'Elena e Malvina,' composed by Soliva. This was altogether new, and therefore well chosen for the Philharmonic Concerts; the theme of the Aria, 'Parmitra fronda,' resembled Rossini's effective song in E, 'Porgi la destra amata,' in the cavern scene of 'Mosè in Egitto,' but was not followed up as an imitation. Madame Stockhausen's chaste style, neat execution, and general performance, excited deserved applause. Her singing more nearly resembles Madame Caradori than any other performer; her delicacy and feeling being highly polished, though her tones are not quite so good.

No. 8.—Quartetto, two violins, viola, and violoncello. Messrs. Oury, Watts, Guynemer, and Lindley, composed by Mayseder.—This performance went off tolerably well, and exhibited the usual elegant playfulness of Mayseder, whose style forms the most eminent example of the French musical school, which produces the most interesting, brilliant, and gay violin music extant. The striking and unaccountable peculiarity, inseparable from all Mayseder's music, is a sort of Scotch character, both in harmony and melody. This is eminently conspicuous in his admired arrangements of 'Le Petite Tambour,' and his favourite Polonaise, both of which were so admirably performed by the late lamented Kieswetter. The concluding movement of the quartett, performed on Monday, was almost too grotesque for public performance, and the whole piece might be rather denominated a concerto, with compressed accompaniments, than a quartetto; in fact, many deplored that Lindley's extraordinary talent should not have been employed to better purpose. Monsieur Guynemer, who played the tenor, naturally enough entered fully into the spirit of the composition, (he being a French teacher of dancing;) but his enthusiasm led him occasionally to play so loud, as to obscure the leader, at least to all who were placed nearer to the tenor than the first viola.

No. 9.—Terzetto, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Childe, and Signor de Begnis, 'Io dirò se nel gestire,' composed by Fioravanti, was not a very estimable composition or performance, although, perhaps, the vocalists did the best they could for it. Most likely, it was selected (per force) because it suited the selection of singers; and we are fully aware of the difficulties the Directors are subject to in this respect.

Winter's well-known Overture to Tamerlane was the 10th and concluding piece; and the whole Concert was well performed and well received.

LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF CHESTER ON
THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

No. IV.

MY LORD,—In the foregoing letters of this series, I attempted to explain to your Lordship the considerations drawn from the nature of religion, and from the effects of theological instruction, which lead me to believe that the establishment of lectures on Christianity at the London University, would not be advisable. I also endeavoured to maintain, that the ordinary impugners of the New Institution, and your Lordship among the number, have no just ground for asserting the old Universities to be at all efficacious in producing religious character, or to have any superiority over the infant establishment as to the means of inculcating Christianity. I have lastly sought to show, that there are habits and systems at Cambridge, either instituted, or permitted, which powerfully tend to produce irreligion, both directly and in the shape of immorality. In the present letter, which I earnestly hope to make the final one, I design chiefly to examine whether the peculiar circumstances of the London University would make it desirable to give theological instruction within its walls, and as a part of its course of education.

In the first place, it is worth while to remark upon the great sophism which is urged against the London University, by all those who have an interest or a prejudice to serve in attacking it. This is the fallacy whereby it is pretended, that, because religion is not to be taught there, its pupils will necessarily be irreligious. Now people do not become less religious than they were without a cause; and I should like to inquire from my opponents, what cause is at work to produce the effect in this case? Is it really supposed, that, if you teach young men Greek and mathematics better than they were previously taught, and make no difference in their religious instruction, they will necessarily be devoid of Christianity? Might it not reasonably be urged that every thing which makes men better acquainted with the human mind and with the universe, will indirectly tend to manifest to them the being and character of God? If a man be not more pious for knowing natural philosophy, there is no reason why he should be less so. The principles of every science are the products of the divine existence; and all facts of consciousness, history, or experiment, are mere evolutions of those principles. Religious truth, though the highest and most essential, is yet of the same nature as is all other truth; and he who would establish that there is any hostility or incongruity between them, must maintain that God is not one, the single and harmonious life of all things, but a compound of heterogeneous and warring elements, some of which display themselves in Christianity, while the antagonistic portions of his being furnish out all other truth. If any science be taught on these, that is, on irreligious principles, it must be ill taught. If taught with the other views to which I have alluded, though unaccompanied by theological instruction, instead of making men less religious, it must tend to make them far more so; and, if the students be initiated into such doctrine, after having been at ordinary places of education, public or private, I will venture to say, that they will perceive a connection, a strength, in short, a truth, in knowledge, and a living value in Christianity, of which they will previously have had scarce any experience. The young men who make use of the London University will not have fewer opportunities of learning theology than they had before; and the outcry, therefore, can only mean, that every accession of knowledge is so much weight thrown into the unchristian side of the scale. No one will dare to state this openly; and yet, upon this assumption, must proceed the whole argument against the young Institution.

If the plan of the founders, or the character of the professors, could be shown to be such as made it probable that the connection between the outward world and its creator, between the mind of man and its God, would be kept out of view, it would require a large overbalance of other advantages to persuade me to place a son of mine under such a system: but not a larger overbalance than is necessary to outweigh the many evils of the old Universities. No one will go farther than myself in eagerness for the display of knowledge to all the world, as entirely founded upon and filled with the Divine attributes, and in the most complete harmony with Christianity. But this is not very much attended to at Cambridge; and I do not see how the question as to theological lectures is connected with it. Your Lordship would make religion a separate depart-

ment of study. Well, be it so; unless insurmountable difficulties can be proved to interfere with the design. I would imbue the whole course of education with religion: while to this, I will not say your Lordship, but the great body of opponents, seem utterly indifferent. The remedy of the evil, if evil shall be found to exist, is in the hands of the community. If philosophy be taught at the London University, as a mere heap of phenomena, or if its laws be exhibited as derived from a different source, and under a different sanction from the true one,—if this be done to a greater degree at the London University than at the older seats of education, (which is scarcely possible,) let its halls be deserted, and its professors left idle. But if, as I pray to God may be the case, knowledge shall not be thus abused to wrong, can your Lordship think that the simple fact of the London University not being shut against Dissenters will be sufficient to prevent it from becoming an instrument of the most extensive and important good? If your Lordship could, by possibility, think otherwise,—and I rejoice with an exceeding great joy that your Lordship's admirable conduct in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts debars me from believing it,—I should then be indeed convinced, that the Church of England is running the course of the Church of France with regard to national education, and running as inevitably to its own perdition.

But, my Lord, I turn from this matter, to suggest those circumstances which, in my mind, make it, at least, very questionable whether the proposed religious instruction ought to be introduced at the University. The lectures must either be doctrinal, or ermeneutic, or historical. If doctrinal, who shall decide on the system to be taught? Of course the lecturer must not be an infidel, nor, as the number of the Unitarians is small, and the chasm which divides them immense, ought he to be an impugner of the Divinity of Christ. But allowing this, are not these limits wide enough to permit the growth within them of a vast crop of discussions? Do they not leave sufficient ground for the waging an extensive conflict? The Baptist controversy, the questions on Church Government, the degree and nature of Inspiration, and all the doubts and schisms of Calvinist and Latitudinarian, the snares and pit-falls which fill the wide area between Augustine and Pelagius, would not these suffice to furnish matter of strife for every one inclined to engage in the struggle as to the sect which should be represented by the Professorial Chair? Why, there is scarcely a religious party which is not split into subdivisions; and, of the five hundred varieties, in what is commonly called orthodoxy, which shall be made the standard for a mass of students of so many different creeds? If a Calvinist be Professor of Divinity, half the youths will be disgusted at the system of irrespective decrees, and their parents will probably withdraw them entirely from the University. The same will take place with every other sect; and the Baptist will not let the ears of his son be polluted by the doctrine of the majority of Christians, nor the Independent neophyte be a docile attendant on the advocate for Prelacy.

Again; supposing all doctrinal instruction to be omitted, and the lectures to be confined to interpretation, how many pious persons are there in England, who would endure to hear the conclusions which have been demonstrated by the ablest biblical critics? Place in the chair any man whose life has been employed in the explanation of the text of scripture, and does your Lordship believe that his instructions will square very well with the authorised version of the Old and New Testament? or, that he will abstain from propounding many things, not indeed at all inconsistent with the general truths of revelation, but shocking to the ears of the great majority of plain, unlearned Christians? Thence clamours, and controversies, and secessions from the University, and long lamentations over the shaking of a faith in every letter of the Bible, as it now stands in our version. These consequences would infallibly result from the establishment of a professorship for any one, Church-of-England-man or Dissenter, who has devoted his mind to the critical study of the Bible. I firmly believe that such study will do nothing to diminish conviction of the main points of Christianity, the Trinity, the Redemption, the history of the successive dispensations of light, as found in the Old Testament; but, as your Lordship is doubtless well aware, it would prove so much of old interpolation, of modern mistranslation, of general misapprehension, as must astound, and, I fear, shock thousands of minds unaccustomed to such researches. I do not say, I do not believe, that, if these results be communicated, with all the

grounds on which they stand, and with all the qualifications which limit them from trenching upon the mighty and eternal principles of Christianity, they can do the students any harm. Those principles, laid deep in the foundations of human nature, critical inquiries can reach them, or in the least degree weaken the evidence of their revelation in the Bible. But, though such studies would be beneficial to the pupils, what would be the consequences, when the parents should hear of the naked results? Would the not amount, in fact, to the destruction of the University? Moreover, to put aside these objections, would it be easy, would it be completely possible, to separate interpretation from doctrine? and, if doctrine be admitted, then recurs the question, what doctrine?

The only remaining kind of theological lectures which I can conceive, is that which should deal with the history of Christianity and of the Bible; and this also, as it seems to me, would be open to similar objections. The history of Christianity is the history of the degree and ways in which Christians have been unchristian; of schisms, and heresies, of great doctrines perverted, and sophisms masquerading in the disguise of Truth, to mislead nations and centuries. Can this be taught by one who strikes no balance between the opinions he describes, and merely examines with cool indifference the follies of exaggerated quietism, and the miseries which have waxed on the Antinomian madness? This cannot be; and if the reason and conscience of the teacher assume their proper supremacy over his lessons, where shall he stop? Or how will it be possible for him to avoid touching upon modern differences of belief? There is that sympathy in those of the same blood, which will make the modern sectarian writhe while the mummery of his ancestor is dissected; and the lamb of Mr. Irving's flock would feel the blow, if a professor should condemn persecution, and reprove the spirit in which Calvin burnt Servetus. There is no doctrine now held or controverted which has not before been heard of in the dim and bloody battle-fields of theological history; nor would it be possible to describe the cause and the combat which shook the nineteenth century, without agitating all the sectarian passions of the nineteenth; impossible, at least, for any one whose belief in the importance of Christianity is stronger than that of Bayle or Gibbon. What would be an ecclesiastical history which should say nothing of the dispute as to Church Government? And what could be said on such a subject which would not bear directly upon the passions, the interests, the long-cherished opinions of every Christian and politician in the country? And, if the lecturer be confined to the history of the Bible as a mere book, a study which Mr. Coleridge has pointed out the vastness as the interest, I can scarcely see how the case will be proved. Is the canon of Scripture a matter of so easy arrangement, and one which has excited so few quarrels, as that it can be made the text for professorial dogmatism or controversy? Would an account of the degree to which the notion of the all-sufficiency of the Bible, without note or comment, without the aid of judgment or the lights of knowledge, has injured religion,—would an account of this be likely to rouse party feelings connected with the present state of things in England? Are religious men not bitterly divided by the opinions of the German divines, which have been supported abroad by so much learning, as listened to here with so much indignation?

You will perceive, my Lord, that my observations do not apply to any institution in which the members should be of but one sect. Improve as much as possible the theological instruction at Oxford and Cambridge, and I shall feel only satisfaction; but the London University is founded in a city where there are probably more varieties of religious belief than in any other spot upon the globe. It is designed with the noblest and most Christian view of embracing them all in the scheme of its wide beneficence; and, to insist that students, who must needs bring into its bosom a hundred differences of faith, shall receive instruction in but one, would be to ensure at once its futility and its downfall. I remain your Lordship's obedient humble servant,

A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

AMONG the various public undertakings now in progress, we know of no one more worthy of commendation than the intended Charing Cross Hospital, which appears comprehensive in its plan, unexceptionable in its nature, and calculated to produce an undoubted good; and that in a district of the metropolis, where no hospital is now easily accessible.

MEDICO BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At a Meeting of this Institution, holden on Friday the 10th of May, the Right Honourable the Earl Stanhope, F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair, the Minutes of the last Meeting having been read, &c., Mr. H. Gibbs announced the presents, amongst which were, Joseph Pitou de Tournefort's 'Elements de Botanique,' 4 vols., Paris, 1694, embellished with 489 plates; and the same author's 'Histoire des Plantes de Paris, avec leur usage en Médecine,' Bernard de Jussieu's edition, 2 vols., Paris, 1725—both presented by Sir John E. Swinburne, Bart., F.R.S., Vice-President. 'The Useful Herbal,' 1754, with 8 plates, by the Earl Stanhope. Several Chemical Essays, by Mr. Bonastre, of Paris. A Collection of Hardy Plants, flowering at this season, by Thomas Gibbs, Esq., F.H.S. A Collection of Seeds from the Island of Mauritius, by John Frost, F.R.S., Ed. Director; and a variety of rare plants, by Mr. Campbell, amongst which were, *Laurus granatum*, *acutifolius*; *Acacia pulchella*; *Polygala myrtifolia*, *oppositifolia*, *speciosa*, and *bracteolata*; *Calanthe quadridens*; *Entaria myrtifolia*; *Epacris grandifolia*; *Genista linifolia*; *Apheleandra cristata*; *Saxifraga solanaceum*; *Melaleuca fulgens*, &c. &c.

Louis Hayes Petit, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., and John Whiting, M.D., were admitted Fellows, by the Chairman. Lord Viscount Exmouth, G.C.B., and the Rev. F.R. Jeff, were elected Fellows.

Mr. Yoss then read a paper, by Dr. John Hancock, of Demerara, on the Heymarada, or Haimarada, of the natives, or *Vandellia diffusa* of Linnaeus. This humble plant, which grows on the road-sides in Guiana, and of which a fine specimen was exhibited to the Members, by the Dutch Creoles, called 'Bitter Blair,' and is announced by the author as most efficacious in several diseases of the natives, but more particularly intermittent fevers. From experiments which he details at length, Dr. Hancock is inclined to believe, that the action of this plant on the human frame depends on a principle peculiar to itself. The entire plant may be employed. Five-and-twenty grains of the dried herb in powder, or thirty grains for an infusion, act as an emetic. When Haimarada is administered in small doses, with common salt, its action is directed upon the intestines and kidneys.

A paper on the Bushmen of the Orange River, and their poisoned arrows, by Mr. Louis Leslie, assistant Surgeon of the 48th regiment, and communicated to the Society by Sir James M'Grigor, President, was also read. The author, who was stationed on the banks of the Orange River, (South Africa,) before the post was abandoned, after giving a short description of the appearance of these miserable beings, who are said by him to live on locusts, ants, and some farinaceous roots, states, that he has not been able to procure one authenticated relation of death in man from the effects of the arrows employed by the Bushmen in self-defence. He had known some deaths of horses and dogs dying from the insertion of the arrow into the leg, but some of them seemed rather to die from the effects of violent inflammation in the limb than from any specific power in the poison itself. In one instance of a dog, however, the animal became rapid and insensible in a few minutes, and died in ten minutes. Some colonists, who have been wounded, assert, that they are subject to periodical attacks of insanity under certain states of atmospherical influence. The poison of the Bushmen of the Stromberg is extracted from plants, only as far as Mr. Leslie had been able to learn. In that quarter they use no mineral poison, nor the venom of snakes. Their treatment of a wound made by a poisoned arrow, consists in their washing it freely open, cleaning out the poison, and applying a horn, in the manner of a cupping-glass, which, exhausted by suction at the smaller extremity. Cupping, indeed, seems to be the Bushmen's favourite mode of treating every complaint accompanied with pain, and so frequently do they resort to it, that by the time they are full grown, they are covered with scars all over their bodies. The thanks of the Meeting were ordered to Mr. Hancock and Mr. Leslie for these communications. Mr. Frost expressed his regret that he had not been able to comply with the notice given last Meeting, but that he would have more pleasure in delivering his lecture on the genus *Laurus* at the next Meeting. The Chairman then announced that the First Number of the Society's Transactions would be ready for delivery to the Members after the 20th instant; and adjourned the Meeting to Friday evening, June the 13th.

The anniversary dinner of the Society was celebrated on Saturday the 10th of May, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, and was numerously attended.

THE ARGUS.

'It is well to commit the beginning of all great actions to Argus, with his hundred eyes,—and the end to Briareus, with his hundred hands.'—LORD BACON.

PROSPECTUS of a NEW LONDON EVENING NEWSPAPER, on a Plan of greater novelty, comprehensiveness, variety, and general convenience, than any hitherto attempted. To be Conducted by J. S. BUCKINGHAM, and to commence on MONDAY, the 30th of JUNE, 1828.

The extremely favourable reception given to Mr. Buckingham's Political and Literary Weekly Journals, 'THE SPHYNX' and 'ATHENÆUM,' and the desire to render available all the advantages of the complete Printing Establishment, and abundant political and literary materials and talents originally brought together for the two Journals named, and now under his sole direction and control, have led him to yield to a very general request from those who desire to see an improved Daily Paper, in compliance with whose suggestions, he has given his attention to the preparation of an entirely New Daily Journal, to be called 'THE ARGUS,' on an original and improved plan, which, from combining all the advantages now scattered through many, will, he confidently hopes, be such as all classes of general readers will deem worthy of their support.

The principal defects of the existing Daily Journals, are the following:—First, that, if Morning Papers, they are of such unwieldy size, as to be extremely inconvenient for present use, and incapable of being preserved in a form that will make them easy of future reference. Secondly, that, if Evening Papers, they are so small, as to be obliged to abridge greatly all the reports of public proceedings in Parliament, Meetings, and Courts of Law, giving, therefore, much less perfect accounts of either, than the Morning Papers from which they copy. Thirdly, that, in both, there is a general want of classification and arrangement, which renders it necessary to search them through, before the particular kind of information sought for is found. And, Lastly, that, from their being printed on one indivisible sheet, they are calculated only for exclusive use; so that one individual must have entirely finished with the particular Paper of the day, before any other person can succeed him in the perusal of it.

In the New Daily Journal now proposed, 'THE ARGUS,' all these defects will be remedied:—First, instead of the unwieldy and inconvenient size of the Morning Papers, its sheet will be of a form capable of being comfortably used by any individual, and its page of an extent easily embraced at a single view; while it will make a handsome and commodious volume when bound, and have title-pages and indexes for easy and accurate reference at any future period. Secondly, to avoid the abridgements of Parliamentary and other Public Proceedings, which the smaller size of the Evening Papers now compels them to make, 'THE ARGUS' will, instead of 4, comprise 8 pages, of nearly the present Evening Paper size; giving, therefore, 32 columns of matter daily, instead of 16, which will be printed, also, in a clearer and more legible manner. Thirdly, as a consequence of this greater extent of space, it will be distinguished by an arrangement and classification of subjects, as to enable all classes of readers to find, without difficulty, the particular description of information of which they are in search. And, Lastly, instead of being, as Daily Papers now are, necessarily confined to the use of one person only at a time, it will be so arranged, that each Number, when issued, may, by a separation of its inner from its outer pages, form two complete sheets, each occupied by its own separate department of information, and, therefore, capable of serving two readers at once; so as to make it especially convenient for Families, Clubs, Libraries, Reading-Rooms, Taverns, Coffee-Houses, and all other places of public resort:—answering, in short, the complete purpose of Two Distinct Journals, and being, at the same time, more comprehensive, more varied, and more agreeable to read, than any two existing Papers that can be named: as no portion of the contents of either of the separate sheets of 'THE ARGUS' will be, as in any two other Papers, a repetition of matter common to both,—each being quite distinct, and perfectly new, though each, also, so complete in itself, as to be read with pleasure without reference to the other.

When it is stated that all these advantages will be rendered to the public at the same price as is now charged for the smallest and commonest Newspaper issued, some incredulity may arise as to the promised superiority of the article to be furnished, as the cheap and the good are not easily united. To remove these doubts as to the possibility of so uniting them in the present case, it will, perhaps, be sufficient to state, that the reason why a Journal of Two Sheets, like 'THE ARGUS,' can be furnished, daily, without any increase of price beyond that charged for the Evening Papers, of one sheet only, now published, is, that it will be produced at an establishment already existing, and amply supported, by the publication of 'THE SPHYNX,' 'THE ATHENÆUM,' and 'THE ORIENTAL HERALD'; so that the same literary and political aid, the same mechanical power, the same sources of information, the same place of publication, and the same superintendence in all its details,—can be used for this purpose, without the vast expenditure which is indispensable for Papers published at separate establishments for each. It is, in short, the advantage of united powers, co-operating in the production of several articles, at an expenditure which decreases in proportion to the number of articles produced,—a principle which every man in this mercantile and manufacturing country can well comprehend; but which has rarely been applied to Works of this nature,—though quite as productive of benefit to the public, by improving the quality and reducing the price of the production to which it is applied, as in any other department of human labour.

Of the purity, independence, and impartiality of the political and literary character of the proposed Paper, Mr. Buckingham hopes that his former labours will be deemed a sufficient general assurance. His own careful superintendence and control will be unremittently applied to every department of 'THE ARGUS'; while the maintenance of the existing Publications, which will still be continued under his personal management, and on their present plans, will be so provided for, as that neither of them shall suffer the smallest diminution in merit or value by this more arduous undertaking. This, however, will be best proved by a reference to the Works themselves; and by that he is willing to be judged.

The following is a brief enumeration of the several classes of information intended to be regularly given in 'THE ARGUS,' arranged in the order in which they will follow each other, in the two separate Sheets of that Paper, with the average number of columns (about the size of those of the present Evening Papers) which each class of information will generally occupy: the Letters of Correspondents not being included in this List, as these will be placed wherever occasional space for them can best be spared.

I. Department of Public Records.—Four Pages.

Advertisements of Public Institutions, Shipping, Commerce, and General Affairs 4
Debates in Parliament, and Public Meetings, with Notes . . . 4
Trials at Law, Police, and Official Records 3
Provincial Intelligence, carefully arranged under its respective heads 1
Leading Articles from all the Public Journals 1
Exclusive Intelligence from India, and the Colonies 1
Copious republication of the London Gazettes 1
Shipping, Markets, Births, Marriages, and Deaths 1

II. Department of General News.—Four Pages.

Advertisements connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts 4
Editorial Comments on Political Topics of the Day 2
Foreign Intelligence, arranged under the respective countries . . 1
City Reports of Public Funds, Home Intelligence, and Miscellaneous Information 1
Court and Fashionable World, with Original Anecdotes of Society 1
Proceedings of Courts and Meetings, up to the hour of going to press 1
Public Exhibitions, the Opera, Theatres, and Amusements . . . 2
Reviews of New Books and Periodicals and General Literary and Scientific Information 4

It remains only to be added, that, with a view to illustrate, by an actual specimen, the description of Journal intended to be produced, the expense will be incurred of printing (in addition to 500,000 of these Prospectuses, and Advertisements in every Paper of the Kingdom) 50,000 copies of a SPECIMEN NUMBER, for public distribution and inspection. The date of its intelligence is, of course, not to be regarded, as it will be a mere specimen of the size, manner of division into departments, quality of paper and printing, classification, arrangement, &c., to be observed in 'THE ARGUS' generally. It is, in short, its own advertisement.—As, however, without the previous assurance of a certain number of supporters for such a Paper, it could not be maintained for any length of time,—and its permanence is of the highest importance,—the interval between the issue of this Prospectus and the Specimen Number, and the date fixed for the regular appearance of the Paper itself, (the 30th of June, 1828,—will be employed in obtaining for it the requisite number of Subscribers, so as to ensure its success beyond all possibility of doubt. Those individuals, therefore, who approve of this plan and deem it worthy of support, (and it is hoped that they will be very numerous,) are respectfully requested to transmit their orders for the Paper, through any News-Agent in London, through the Postmasters and Clerks of the Roads in the Country, or direct to the Offices of Publication named below, whichever may be most convenient to themselves. It is particularly requested also of those, who, though not needing a Daily Paper individually, may think 'THE ARGUS' worthy of admission into the Public Libraries, Clubs, Reading-Rooms, Coffee-houses, Institutions, or other places of public resort in their neighbourhood,—that they will recommend early orders for it in such places as may be within the sphere of their immediate influence, so that no disappointment may occur in the supply of early copies of the Paper when it appears.

'THE ORIENTAL HERALD,' which is confined chiefly to the discussion of questions connected with India and its Affairs, and the communication of Intelligence from all parts of the Eastern World, forming an Octavo Number of 300 pages, and containing more matter than either 'The Edinburgh' or 'Quarterly Review,' will still, as heretofore, continue to be published Monthly, at 5s. per Number.

'THE SPHYNX,' which is a Political and general Newspaper, containing the condensed essence of the News of the Day, for the accommodation of those for whom a Daily Paper is too expensive, and a Weekly one not sufficiently frequent, will continue to be published, as at present, Twice a Week; namely, on Wednesday and Saturday Evenings. Price 7d. per Number.

'THE ATHENÆUM,' which is a Periodical devoted exclusively to Literature, Science, and Art, will also be continued on its original and present plan, and published Once a Week, namely, on Wednesday Mornings, when no other Literary Journal appears. Price, stamped for circulation free of postage, 1s., and unstamped, 8d. per Number.

'THE VERULAM,' a Weekly Periodical of the same size and price, originally devoted to Scientific Information alone, being now incorporated with 'THE ATHENÆUM,' as an additional attraction will be given to this, by their union of interests and powers. Of the character of these two Journals, it will be sufficient to give the following passage, from the last Number of 'The Edinburgh Review,' in an article on the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, understood to be written by Mr. Brougham. In characterising the principal Weekly Periodicals of the day as being of very ordinary merit, he makes the following exceptions:

'Mr. Buckingham's "ATHENÆUM" is of a much superior cast, and, it may be hoped, will meet with all the success the great merits and persecutions of its excellent Conductor are well entitled to look for at the hands of Englishmen. But "THE VERULAM" professes a higher aim, and, indeed, a wider scope, being devoted to Science as well as Learning.'

Specimen Numbers and Prospectuses of 'THE ARGUS' may be had of News-men, and at the Principal and Central Office, 147, Strand, near Somerset-House, or at the Branch Office, established at No. 33, Old Bond Street, for the West End of the Metropolis, where Orders, Communications, and Advertisements for each of these Publications will be received,—as well as by the authorized Collector.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of P. S. K. has been received; and the Work to which he refers will have early attention.

INCORPORATION OF THE VERULAM WITH THE ATHENÆUM.

From 'The Verulam' of Saturday last.

THE PROPRIETORS of 'THE VERULAM' have now to announce to their readers that they have concluded an arrangement with the PROPRIETORS of 'THE ATHENÆUM,' the effect of which is to incorporate the two Journals, whose united resources will accordingly go in future to form one publication. This is an arrangement, the advantages of which will be participated in by the readers of both Papers, and which the PROPRIETORS, therefore, cannot doubt will meet with their cordial acquiescence and support. 'THE ATHENÆUM,' which, under the able management of Mr. Buckingham, has already obtained so distinguished a reputation as a Literary Journal, will now add to its other attractions that information on matters of popular science, which has characterised the pages of 'THE VERULAM,' while those who have hitherto been readers of this Paper will find no subject to which their attention has been wont to be invited neglected in the new publication that will in future be sent to them. To their friends, therefore, of all classes, the PROPRIETORS of 'THE VERULAM' beg respectfully, but earnestly, to recommend 'THE ATHENÆUM,' as a Paper in which they have now the same sort of interest which they have heretofore had in their own, and as one which they are sure, from the stipulations they have made, will be found, in all respects, deserving the encouragement and patronage of those who have been readers and supporters of 'THE VERULAM.' 'THE ATHENÆUM,' in consequence of the union of interests and resources which has thus taken place, will now possess advantages, as a Literary and Scientific Journal, such as it would not be easy to overrate; and the promise held out by the success which it has already enjoyed, it may therefore be confidently predicted, will be greatly more than fulfilled by the increased circulation and influence that await it. 'THE ATHENÆUM' alone will now be what 'THE ATHENÆUM' and 'VERULAM' used to be together; or rather, those exertions which have hitherto been divided will now be combined, and something superior even to all they have yet produced may be fairly looked for as the result of their co-operation. Once more, therefore, the PROPRIETORS of 'THE VERULAM' request from their Correspondents, their Subscribers, and their Advertising friends, the continuance of those favours in behalf of 'THE ATHENÆUM,' to which 'THE VERULAM' has been so deeply indebted; nor, in making this appeal, can they avoid indulging the hope that, although now addressing them for the last time under their present title, they shall retain the good wishes and the good offices of all of them in their new connection.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The second edition, enlarged, of Popular Preemies Examined, by R. Dillon, will be published early this month. In a few days will be published, Annotations on the Apocalypse, intended as a sequel to those of Mr. Elsey on the Gospels, and of Mr. Frebendary Slade on the Epistles; and thus to complete a Series of Commentaries on the whole of the New Testament, for the use of Students in Prophetic Scripture. By John Chappel Woodhouse, D.D., Dean of Litchfield. Christian Charity, or the Influence of Religion on Temper stated. By the Rev. J. A. James. 12mo., 6s. Female Piety and Zeal Exemplified in Memoirs of Miss Ely. By her Brother, the Rev. Jonathan Ely. 12mo., 4s. 6d. The Missionary Gazetteer. By the Rev. C. Williams. 12mo., 8s. 'The Cheltenham Album,' a new Quarterly Magazine, is announced for publication early in July next. W. B. Cooke has just completed a new and elegant publication, which will appear on the 1st of June, entitled, 'A Selection of Vases, Altars, Candelabra, and Tripods, from the Louvre, at Paris,' engraved in a beautiful and tasteful style, by Henry Moses, with descriptive letter-press to each plate, by T. L. D., and dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Harp of Judah; a Selection of Poems relative to the Conversion of the Jews, &c. 3s. 6d.
Dialogues on Prophecy, vol. 1, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Plain Advice to Landlords, Tenants, &c., by the author of 'Plain Instruction to Executors,' &c. &c., 2s.
The Auctioneers and Brokers' Law Instructor, 12mo., 2s.
Guide to Importers and Purchasers of Wine, 12mo., 6s.
Morrison's Cases of Mental Disease, 8vo., 7s.
Village Plans and Domestic Sketches, 12mo., 5s.
Bridges on The One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, second edition, 6s.
Ewing's Greek and English Lexicon, 8vo., 18s.
Ewing's Greek Grammar, 8vo., 6s.
Ewing's Lexicon and Grammar, 8vo., 24s.
Erskine's Freeness of the Gospel, 12mo., 4s.
A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, post 8vo., 9s.
Appleton's Poor Girl's Help, third edition, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Dr. Kitchner's Art of Prolonging Life, sixth edition, fc. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Breitschneider's Reply to Rose's State of Protestantism in Germany, 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Cobb's Elements of Geography, on a new plan, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Harmoniere's French and English Dictionary, new edition, 8s.
Letters from Cambridge, post 8vo., 8s.
Shober's Present State of Christianity, 12mo., 9s.
Redford's Memoirs of the late Rev. John Cooke, 8vo., 14s.
Memoirs du Duc de Rovigo, (M. Savary,) é crit de Samain, tom. 1, première et seconde Partie, 8vo., 14s.
A Marriage in High Life, a Novel, edited by the authoress of 'Furber,' 2 vols., 8vo., 11s.
Musical Reminiscences, by Earl of Mount Edgecombe, third edition, 12mo., 6s.
Lectures on the History of Jesus Christ, by James Bennett, D.D., 2 vols., 8vo., 11s.
Phrenological Journal, part 17, 4s.

THE EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS of the Most ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES of ENGLISH HISTORY, from the Galleries of the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is now open at Messrs. HARDING and LEFARD'S, No. 4, Pall Mall East.

Admittance by Tickets only, which may be had on application as above.

MADDOX-STREET GALLERY, opposite St. George's Church, Hanover Square.—AN EXHIBITION of PICTURES by the GREAT MASTERS, is open daily, from 10 till 6 o'clock.

THE GRAND FRESCOS, by PAUL VERONESE, from the Soranza Palace, are on View at this Gallery; together with some of the finest works of CLAUDE LORRAIN and RICHARD WILSON.—Admittance 1s.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

Dublin, May 12, 1828.

At a GENERAL ASSEMBLY held this day, GEORGE PETRIE, Esq., was elected an Academician, and the following Gentlemen elected Associates, of the Royal Hibernian Academy:—W. H. BROOKE, F.R.S., London; S. LOVER, G. NAIRN, and T. H. SWEETMAN. (By Order.)

HENRY KIRCHOFFER, Secretary.

Lower Abbey Street.

Just Published, THE SAILOR, or the Coquet Cottage; and other Poems. (Some in the Scottish Dialect.) By W. GIBSON. Price 3s. 6d. boards. London: Cowie and Strange, Paternoster Row; Orange, North Shields; Kelly, South Shields; and Graham, Alnwick.

MISS MITFORD'S NEW VOLUME.

In Post Octavo.

OUR VILLAGE; COUNTRY STORIES, SCENES, CHARACTERS, &c. &c. Vol. 3. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Author of 'Dramatic Scenes,' 'Foscari,' a Tragedy, &c. &c. Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane.

PROPAGATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

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'In the opinion of a respectable Physician, well known in our connexion, it is enriched with much of all that modern practice has ascertained to be valuable, and is not only incomparably superior to Buchan's, but also to every similar work in our language.'—Wesleyan Magazine.

'It will be found a very valuable acquisition to the Family Library, and no Medicine Chest, at home or abroad, ought to be considered complete without it.'—Imperial Magazine. Published by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-court, London. Sold by all Booksellers.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE (Astley's)—THE EVENING, May 21, and during the Week, being the last of the present Performances, at Half-past six, THE GRAND STAG HUNT. Scenes in the Circle—Mr. Duroy manage the two Dwarf Horses and the Turkish Mare and The Antipodean Phenomenon. Mr. Wilkinson, Miss Ford, and a Grand Equestrian Entrée. The Conquest of the Amazons. Signor Spelterini, the Roman Sampson's appearance here. The whole to conclude with the revival of the celebrated Harlequinade of The Enchanted Bay; or, The Flying Dutchwoman.

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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

May.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
A.M. & P.M.	A.M. & P.M.	at Noon.			
Mon. 12	61° 55°	29.96	NW to W	Serene.	Cirrus
Tues. 13	61 60	30.06	E.	Drizzle.	Drizzle.
Wed. 14	63 57	29.96	N.E. to E.	Drizzle.	Drizzle.
Thurs. 15	66 58	29.95	Ditto.	Drizzle.	Drizzle.
Frid. 16	69 62	29.95	N.E.	Drizzle.	Nimb. Cloud.
Satur. 17	68 63	29.92	E.	Cloudy.	Drizzle.
Sun. 18	67 56	29.92	N.W.	Serene.	Cirrus.

Mornings fair and clear. Fair during night throughout week. Thunder and much lightning on Friday evening. Little rain on Saturday evening.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mercury in conjunction on Monday at 9h. 7. The Moon and Venus in conjunction on Saturday at 9h. 7. Venus's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 12° 45' in Cancer. Jupiter's ditto ditto 7° 14' in Scorpio. Saturn's ditto ditto 16° 50' in Cancer. Sun's ditto ditto 27° 27' in Taurus. Length of day on Sunday, 15 hours 40 minutes. Sun's horary motion, 2' 24" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance on Sunday, 0.05275.

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday morning by WILLIAM LEWIS, at the Office, 147, Strand, Somerset House.